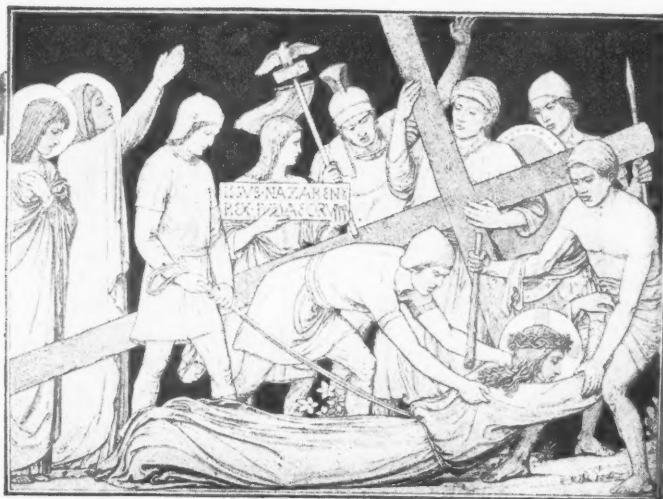


THE FIELD AFAR



THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL—ISAIS LIII, 6

MARYKNOLL N.Y.

APRIL - 1924

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America (MARYKNOLL)

Approved by the National Council of Archbishops, Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911. Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1911.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of the Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

The Society was founded for the immediate purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. Its ultimate aim is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

The priests of the Society are secular, without vows. They are assisted by auxiliary brothers and by the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, more commonly known as "Maryknoll Sisters."

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE SEMINARY AND ADMINISTRATION is situated above the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City, at Ossining (Maryknoll P. O.), N. Y. Students in the Seminary make the usual six-year course in philosophy and theology.

THE AUXILIARY BROTHERHOOD OF ST. MICHAEL was established for those who wish to devote themselves to foreign mission work, but are not inclined to assume the responsibilities of the priesthood. The Brothers will participate in the work of Maryknoll as teachers, trained nurses, office assistants, and skilled workmen.

The general management of the Society and the publication of its two periodicals, *The Field Afar* and *The Maryknoll Junior*, are carried on at this center.

THE MARYKNOLL PREPARATORY COLLEGE, at Clark's Summit, near Scranton, Pa., admits to a five-year classical course foreign mission aspirants who have completed the eight grammar grades.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS have worked with the Society from the beginning, first as lay helpers and now as recognized religious. These Sisters devote themselves exclusively to work for foreign missions. (For further information, address: The Mother Superior, Maryknoll, N. Y.)

THE MARYKNOLL MEDICAL BUREAU, at 410 East 57th St., New York, was started in 1920 to interest the medical profession in mission needs, to secure the services of physicians and nurses, and to provide medical supplies for hospitals and dispensaries in the mission.

Maryknoll Procures serve as depots of supplies and homes of passage for Maryknoll missionaries. They are located as follows:

In New York City, at 410 East 57th St.
In San Francisco, Calif., at Fillmore and Vallejo Sts.
In Los Angeles, Calif., at 426 South Boyle Ave.
In Seattle, Wash., at 1603 Jefferson Ave.

THE MARYKNOLL JAPANESE MISSIONS, at 425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., and 507 17th Ave., Seattle, Wash., are conducted by the Maryknoll Sisters, for the education and religious instruction of the Japanese in those cities.

Make checks and money orders payable to J. A. Walsh (Treas.), Maryknoll, N. Y.

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For further information address: The Catholic Foreign Mission Society, Maryknoll, N. Y.

IN EASTERN ASIA.

THE first band of Maryknoll priests left for China in September, 1918, and were assigned to a field in Kwangtung. Since then, others, including Brothers and Sisters, have gone from Maryknoll every year. Today, Maryknollers count on the field forty-two—twenty priests, four Brothers, and eighteen Sisters—with missions in Kwangtung, Kwangsi, and Korea. The center of communication and of supplies for the various missions in China is the Maryknoll Mission Procure, 19 Chatham Road, Kowloon, Hongkong. The central house of the Sisters in China is the Maryknoll Convent, 40 Austin Road, Kowloon, Hongkong.

Communications for Korea may be addressed to the Very Rev. P. J. Byrne, Catholic Mission, Tenshudo, Gishu, North Heianto, Korea.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

FOR these members, weekly Masses (more than a thousand every year) are offered by the priests, and they are remembered in the Communions and other prayers of the students and Sisters. The same spiritual benefits may, if desired, be applied to departed souls.

Associate Membership in the Society, with a personal share in its good works and merits, is secured by all benefactors and by subscribers to *The Field Afar*. Associate Membership for one year is fifty cents; in perpetuity, fifty dollars, payable on enrollment or within two years.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES OF THE SOCIETY.

THE FIELD AFAR—eleven issues yearly.

10c the copy; \$1.00 a year; \$5.00 for six years; \$50.00 for life. (A life subscription insures perpetual membership in the Society.)

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR—ten issues yearly.

5c the copy; 50c a year for single subscriptions; 40c for quantities of ten or more to one address. Sample copies sent on request.

CONTENTS.

<i>Mother Mary Joseph on China's Soil</i>	99
<i>The New Mission at Hoingan</i>	102
<i>Paschal Season, Yeuangkong</i>	105
<i>Editorials</i>	111
<i>At Los Angeles' Maryknoll</i>	112
<i>Atop the Knoll</i>	116
<i>Other Outposts</i>	119
<i>Noted Here and There</i>	123
<i>News from Circles</i>	124
<i>Maryknoll Medical Notes</i>	125

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Are you "up" on the twelve best books? The list is published on page 122.

A FAILURE

in the eyes of men, but a fruitful seed in the field for souls—

Shepherd of flocks in a little village in France; kind teacher, zealous parish priest, prudent superior; gentle, heroic, patient missionary, giving his life for souls in the distant and difficult mission of Oceania (in 1839)—such was Blessed Peter Chanel, S.M.,

THE MARTYR OF FUTUNA

"His endurance of hardships of all kinds, his universal charity, and his joy at the thought of dying for Christ, were the marks of a true apostle. Although our martyr's days were cut short before he could see the fruits of his toil . . . the closing chapter once more assures us that the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians."—*America*.

210 pp. text. 16 illustrations. Green cloth, stamped in gold.

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FIELD AFAR OFFICE, Maryknoll, N. Y.



Mother Mary Joseph on China's Soil.

Had Varied and Interesting Experiences When She Accompanied to China, Last September, the Third Group from Her Community. Her Letter, Which Follows, Will Afford Our Readers Much Pleasure.

IT was, perhaps, more than a happy coincidence that gave us the *Saint Dominic* for our pilot into Shanghai, and it did not take much imagination to picture our beloved patron himself leading us into a land where he would have loved to labor for souls.

We considered it a privilege to meet Mr. Lo and have him conduct us through his wonderful hospice which houses 1,300 persons—orphans, the abandoned, the insane, and sick prisoners—and has a hospital, school, workshop, playgrounds, and chapel to provide for the various needs of the establishment. His devotion to St. Joseph is truly marvelous and he related many instances of supernatural answer to prayer. We felt like novices in the art of prayer and love of God after listening to him and seeing what he has accomplished. The Salesian Brothers are to open a college for boys on one corner of his compound and he has succeeded, too, in securing a house for some Good Shepherd Sisters. He would like to start a school for high-class Chinese girls, to accommodate 1000 pupils, under twenty Sisters.

To revert to Mr. Lo's charity: the Sister told us that as soon as cool weather begins, every morning he sends out men with lanterns to gather up the poor beggars lying in the streets or old temples, and to bring them to the hospice where they are bathed, clothed, fed, and housed till they can care for themselves.

It was raining when we docked at Hongkong, but the priests, Frs. O'Shea, Ford, and Meyer were at the very end of the pier to greet us. Our Sisters were waiting impatiently at the far end for the bars to be let down. Frs. Dietz and Cairns were on hand

too. Such a reunion and such joy to find the Yeungkong group detained because they were unable to get back! Words can never portray those first hours together—with the asking and answering of questions—after Solemn Benediction and the Te Deum in the Sisters' chapel.



MOTHER MARY JOSEPH WITH SISTER ROSE AND A "CASE."

Fr. Ford announced that a junk would leave in two days from Kongmoon for Yeungkong. Several attempts had been made before to get back, but each time the junk was commandeered for the soldiers. We were willing to risk it, however, and, on the following evening, all the Sisters, ex-

cepting the new group and Srs. I. and C., started off on the Kongmoon boat. Forty pieces of baggage, two amahs, and a catechist completed our party.

The Kongmoon boat isn't much to boast of, but the captain was pleasant and happy to have Americans instead of his usual oriental passengers. He told us of pirates who had held up a boat only a week before, and we crept into our bunks hoping the morning would find us there. Such bunks! The cabins faced each other on a narrow passage which was closed with an iron gate, guarded by two Hindus who looked like pirates themselves.

The berths had only a lower sheet—changed once a week—and a blanket in which we resignedly rolled ourselves up and went to sleep. We were due at Pakkai at half-past six, but it was after eight when we anchored; and we had taken advantage of the delay to say the Office of the Dead, for it was All Souls Day.

Several times we saw men walking on the river bank towing heavily-laden boats against the current. How these men, and women, too, eating the food they do, are able to perform such continuous feats of strength is a mystery.

Once anchored, it did not take us long to get into a sampan, which, poled by two women, soon bore us to shore. We were novelties, of course, and had a fine bodyguard of every age and sex till we reached safety and privacy in the Procure. Soldiers are quartered next to the house, but we found all the trunks stored there untouched.

The catechist lives downstairs and there are four very uninviting, bare, and cheerless rooms upstairs. The front room, however, has two large

G O D L O V E S A W O R L D - W I D E H E A R T .

China will be converted through the Chinese—\$100 a year pays the expenses of a Chinese seminarian. Educating priests is charity of the eternal kind.

windows and it was here that Fr. Ford said his three Masses and we all received Communion. One of the Masses we sang.

Our combination breakfast and dinner was a happy one. It was served on the planks which normally are our missionary's bed when he stops at Pakkai.

When we arrived at the river, hoping to continue our journey, we learned that the junk had been taken by soldiers, but Fr. Ford determined to see what could be done. It seemed to us an eternity before he returned, for we were backed up against a wall and surrounded by a crowd three deep—and these Chinese stared at us and laughed and talked about us. They were only curious and meant no harm, but the experience was a bit trying.

Fr. Ford brought back word that the captain would take us if we would accept the women's quarters. The cabins were occupied, one of them by a Protestant missionary, his wife, daughter, and adopted Chinese baby. They had been on the junk three days, before it was taken by the soldiers, and were allowed to remain. You may be

sure they were glad to see us.

We reached the junk by sampan, climbed up the stairway let down for us and into the dirtiest boat you can imagine. Water, grease, vegetable stains, slime, and soldiers everywhere settling themselves for the night. We squeezed in wherever we could and watched the soldiers come up from the quarters they were vacating for us. When the last one had come up, we went down. Can you picture me disappearing through a coal scuttle? Well, that's about what I did on the junk. Landed on the little platform below, another jump introduced us into our cabin.

We couldn't stand up, so we squatted as best we could and ate our supper. Then we tried to settle ourselves.

The place was infested with rats, enormous spiders, and cockroaches, and the night was punctuated by cries of distress when unwelcome visitors explored our ears and faces. We said night prayers and sang every song we could recall—and I believe we all got forty winks before morning.

How good it was to get up to the



SISTER MARY PAUL.
Inspecting a new arrival.

deck and breath pure air again! We had traveled in the night and were lying at anchor at a beautiful spot called Ngaimoon, where there is a customhouse.

We had a fine day on deck although the sun was very hot and we were badly burned in spite of our umbrellas. We prepared our own meals and the soldiers, although a bit too sociable for comfort, were very kindly and never once rude.

Sisters R. and L. speak Chinese very well—Sister R. is quite fluent—and they were able to answer the numberless questions that were asked.

At dusk we moved again and we spent our second night below light and air. Sunday we kept moving till two o'clock when we anchored at Tai-he, one of our villages, once prosperous and now deserted after con-



AT THE GRAVE OF SISTER GERTRUDE.

To prevent the soil from washing away, the grave is enclosed by a brick wall two and a half feet high.

MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS—your own American missionaries' letters to you. Don't miss them. See page 97.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS SHARE IN MARYKNOLL MERITS

tinuous sacking and ruin by the bandits. At four we started again, and by seven we were well up the Yeungkong River and at anchor.

Yeungkong is a real Chinese city, much cleaner than Canton. The pigs see that there is no garbage left in the streets.

The Mission here is promising and Fr. Ford has done wonders. Our Sisters, too, are doing fine work under him, and the babies, the orphans and blind girls, the old women, the school, and the catechumens take every minute that can be devoted to them.

The final struggle—let us hope it is final—is scheduled for Yeungkong; but Yeungkong, where I am now writing, is very peaceful and quiet despite the 6000 soldiers quartered here, and the Sisters are perfectly safe and free to go about their works. The soldiers say "the Sisters have a heart" to take care of the sick and lame and blind and old whom nobody else will bother about.

It is a good three-quarters of an hour walk to the cemetery. Passing through the West Gate, near which we live, we find ourselves outside the city wall, and the walk leads us past the Protestant compound and out into the country. For a short distance the path is paved, and one comes across an occasional shrine, or rice-field being ploughed. Farther on, however, the pavement ceases and the path becomes little more than a trail from which we had to step to small hillocks more than once, to make way for the buffaloes led by stolid little Chinese lads, and women balancing on their poor shoulders great burdens of water or wood.

The soil, a reddish-yellow clay, is used for making mud bricks, and the "cement" of which our mission buildings seem to be made. The real Yeungkong bricks, which have some reputation, I am told, are gray. The Protestant buildings, also the government schools, are made of the gray bricks.

The foliage is meager, and the hills, great brown, bare knobs on the earth's surface, while they have a peculiar beauty and fascination as they are outlined against the brilliant blue sky and present a thousand varied aspects

with the shifting shadows, fill my soul with a sense of desolation: they seem to symbolize the spiritual destitution which they surround. And it strikes me more forcibly still, when, on our porch, I turn my eyes from them to our convent garden which is a riot of flowers. The soil of both is the same, and yet what a difference! Barrenness—fruitfulness! Then comes the consoling thought that these hillsides, like the souls dwelling in their valleys, need only care and cultivation to convert them into gardens of paradise. It is our glorious privilege to garner the souls, and, some day, when China is fully awake, a husbandman will come and make these waste lands fulfill their promise of loveliness.

We have often heard Father Superior speak of the graves that dot the countryside, but one can hardly realize what it means until one has taken such

Wanted: Sponsors.

When it comes to requesting the Departure Expenses for outgoing missionaries, we find ourselves without a new idea.

And yet the fact faces us.

We hope to send to the front, next fall, twelve or possibly fifteen more missionaries — priests, Brothers, and Sisters. We have no fund on which to draw for this expense that will mean five hundred dollars for each. There is no vacation. It is service for God and for souls, as your representative. Will you sponsor or help to sponsor one? God will bless you and yours through their sacrifice.

a walk as that to the cemetery. We saw hundreds of them—in fact, we felt as though we were in a never-ending grave yard. On many of them

How to Help Maryknoll

By Prayer.

Send for an Apostles' Aid card.

By Membership in the C. F. M. S. of A.

Perpetual or yearly, for yourself or your departed.

By adding to Burses or Foundations.

A Burse is a sum of money, the interest of which will board and educate continuously one student for the priesthood. There are also foundations for various needs.

By spreading The Field Afar and The Maryknoll Junior.

By reading and spreading Mission Books, Post Cards, and Prayer Prints.

By Filling a Mite Box.

By gathering such fragments as old jewelry and tinfoil

By taking out an Annuity or remembering us in your Will.

If you put your money in our keeping and desire interest, we will pay you a reasonable rate during your life.

By supporting a catechist in the Maryknoll Mission, at \$180 a year.

By helping us to build houses, chapels, or schools in the Maryknoll Mission, or by meeting the personal expenses of a Maryknoll missionary.

Address: The V. Rev. Superior, Maryknoll, N. Y.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION PRODUCES THIS PAPER, YOUR GIFT BUILDS MARYKNOLL.

were covered earthen jars, in which, according to custom here, the bones of the deceased are placed two years or more after burial. We were curious enough to peep into some of them, but saw nothing more interesting than little heaps of dust, remains of poor pagans whose souls had passed into eternity, graceless and ignorant of God and the redemption of man through the Saving Blood of Christ.

The Catholic cemetery is desolate enough. It is a level, treeless, grassless tract of land, with little to distinguish it from its environs, save some attempt at order in the arrangement of the graves, and the cross which is added to the usual long inscription on the headstone. Chinese graves are shallow, the coffin lying in a little hollow just below the surface of the ground, earth being heaped over it into a mound.

Here, and in just such a grave, our Sister Gertrude is at rest. To prevent the soil from washing away, our good Fathers had the grave enclosed by a brick wall, two and a half feet high. The stone will lie flat, I understand, on the top of the mound.

On All Souls Day, Fr. Paulhus led the Christians in procession to the cemetery. They have a pretty custom in this city of decorating the graves with flowers which they stick in the ground in conventional designs, and Sister's was still bright in spots with golden marigolds.

While at the cemetery, we were not unobserved. On one side were several little boys with quite a herd of buffaloes; on the path, was a goose-man with a great flock of geese hissing and running about; and off in a corner stood a woman, her great load of fagots set down while she watched the strange scene.

We had brought crackers and candy for our lunch and these we shared with our guests who seemed to enjoy the foreign sweets. For my own part, I was glad they were there, and I had a feeling, as we turned homeward, that we were not leaving Sister quite alone, but rather with those about her in whom she would have been keenly interested and who would have responded to the warmth of her lovely soul.

The New Mission at Hoingan.

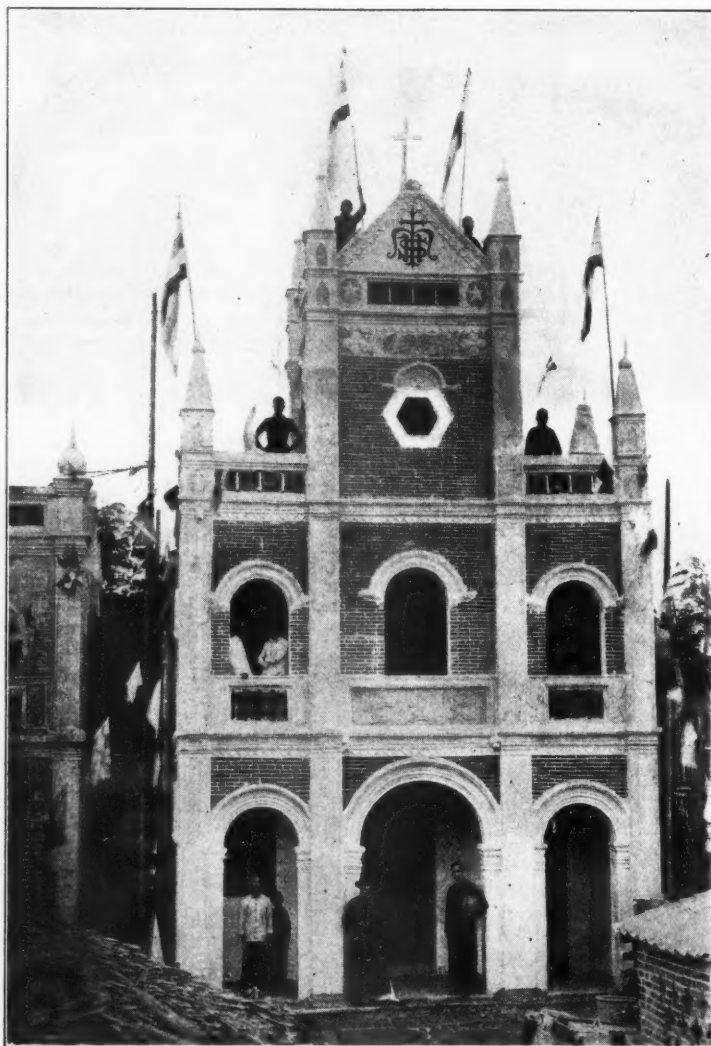
HOINGAN is Fr. Meyer's new charge. We don't know how to pronounce the name, but we understand that the N. G. does not apply.

Incidentally, Fr. Meyer throws a good light on the native Chinese priesthood. He writes:

By the time this letter reaches you,

you will, no doubt, be wondering whether I have fallen off the face of the earth or been swallowed up by the sea. It hasn't been quite that bad, but I did have one long wait in trying to get here.

The junk from Kongmoon was requisitioned months ago, and the only other water route (the journey by land,



THE HOINGAN CHURCH.

The center of Fr. Meyer's new mission transferred recently to Maryknoll from the Paris Society. Fr. Yeung, Chinese pastor, stands at the doorway with head covered. The church faces Sancian Island where St. Francis Xavier died.

START YOUR MISSION WORK NOW BY

via the railway, a boat, and *à pied*, or chair, would be too costly with all my baggage, besides the necessity of having to pass through a robber-infested region) was by steamer from Macao. So to Macao I went, with all my worldly possessions, and made myself at home with Fr. Liu, a saintly old Chinese priest. "At home" is right, for the boat left two days before I arrived and didn't return for a month. It had arrived at Hoingan to find the region threatened by the brigands, so it hurried to Kongmoon to get soldiers, and spent the month clearing the immediate vicinity.

My time at Macao was not, however, lost. During the day I studied Chinese characters. At least eight evenings were spent out at Chinese banquets. Fr. Liu was celebrating his silver jubilee the day I arrived; so I was present at several "feeds" on that account. Then Fr. Chan came down from Shiuhing to celebrate his grandmother's eighty-first anniversary, which meant more feasting. All this gave me a good opportunity to see old Christian families "at home."

Hoingan has the largest number of Christians of any of our missions. The village of Taan On has five hundred, and at Hoingan itself there are more than a hundred, which, with those of outlying stations, bring the total up to a thousand.

Taan On should have a resident priest. It has been Christian only ten years, and, while it already has a good Christian spirit, there should be a priest there so that spirit may be kept up.

A zealous Chinese priest said to me, not so long ago, that we foreigners do not train our converts thoroughly enough. We take pagans, give them a few months under a catechist, baptize them, and then visit them once or twice a year and expect them to keep the faith. With the second or third generation already having a Christian tradition, that might work; but our converts have a *pagan* tradition, and even after baptism only constant vigilance, exhortations, and instructions will save them from becoming careless or falling



A PATRIARCH OF THE MISSION.
His days are now passed in prayer.

away altogether, especially if some unusual difficulty or handicap intervenes to cause them to doubt the superiority of the new belief over the old. Sometimes it is a change of missionaries; sometimes it is the plague which takes off more of the Christians than pagans, or an inexplicable diminution of the number of male births; even the loss of their cattle or crops may suffice to sow the seeds of disaffection among new converts if there is not a sympathetic priest or catechist at hand to allay their doubts and fears by instruction and exhortation. It is surprising how far a Chinaman may be led by simple urging and counsel on the part of one in whom he has confidence.

Fr. Yeung leaves tomorrow for the boat for Macao and Canton so I shall be alone until after Christmas. If the country were at peace, I should certainly accompany him in order to meet Fr. O'Melia and get the necessary furnishings for the house; but as things are at present, I would rather not leave the place alone. Besides, I might be held up for a long time for lack of a boat, as occurred before. I feel con-

What Money Will Do For Maryknoll-in-China

- \$1** for a day's support of a missionary.
- \$2.50** for a month's support of a baby.
- \$5** for the ransom of a Chinese baby.
- \$10** for the personal medical expenses of a missionary.
- \$15** for a month's wages of a catechist.
- \$30** for the yearly support of a schoolboy or girl; or the yearly support of a leper.
- \$50** for the yearly retreat expenses of a missionary; the yearly support of a preparatory student; or the yearly upkeep of a village school.
- \$100** for the yearly travel expenses of a missionary or for the yearly support of a native seminarian.
- \$180** for the yearly salary of a catechist.
- \$200** for the yearly upkeep of a dispensary, orphanage, or catechist school.
- \$250** for the yearly support of a native priest.
- \$300** for the personal support and travel expenses, for one year, of a missionary.
- \$400** for the yearly upkeep of a modern parochial school.
- \$500** for a village school; the outfit and travel expenses of a missionary or a Sister, to Asia; or the yearly upkeep of a catechumenate.
- \$1,000** for a chapel or for an orphanage.
- \$1,500** for a small dispensary or for a native student bursary.
- \$2,000** for a modern city high school (100 pupils); or a catechumenate (40 catechumens and 2 teachers).
- \$3,000** for a catechist bursary or a priest's house.
- \$4,000** for a leper hospital (100 beds).
- \$5,000** for land to serve as a mission center (including that for Sisters); or a convent and convent chapel.
- \$15,000** for a sanatorium for missionaries; or land for a vicariate center.

fident that there will be comparative peace by the first of the year, and consequently less danger from robbers.

I have learned much from Fr. Yeung during the few days I have been with him. It is a pity that there are not more with his push. Fr. Yeung not only has initiative, but piety, zeal, and is a good mixer. Others have criti-

cized his work, saying that his Catholics are so in name only, and that if he is succeeded by another priest who does not go in for external works, they will fall away. I believe the latter part of this statement is largely true, but I see no other way of making converts; and I am convinced that a zealous and prudent man, working as he does, would have, in the second generation, a flourishing community of really good Christians. I do not mean to say that he would not have many in the first, but the pagan tradition of which I spoke above, together with bad or vicious habits, all work against one more especially in the first.

Since being down here, I have been having the experience, for me unusual, of being accosted in English by ordinary Chinese peasants, returned from America, of course. These are mostly old fellows who went over during the period before the exclusion laws. One Christian, sixty years of age, came back thirty years ago. He was cook in a family for a number of years; so I shall have him try his hand as soon as I get a stove. The young fellows go to South America, Africa, Cuba, Canada, Mexico, India, and Siam. If they want to get to America, they have to advance over a thousand dollars to the parties who will smuggle them in from Mexico or Canada; so there are few that go.

Old Diogenes has nothing on me. I am still looking for a benefactor, though I must admit that, in my case, I have once or twice found what I sought; but I soon enough return to my former condition. The Kochow purchase took all I had, but when I reached Hongkong I found that someone had sent me two thousand in gold. I do not know yet where it came from, as it was sent through the bank and there has been no letter of explanation. No matter; when I got to Hoingan I found Fr. Yeung in debt nearly three thousand dollars Cantonese, on the chapel.

In the beginning Fr. Yeung found the people here very hostile, and land very dear besides, so that it was almost impossible, with the few funds at his

disposal, to get a foothold. He finally bought a shop, and, later on, land for the new chapel, but the title deeds were not very good. Our front entrance opens onto an open space belonging to private parties. Last year part of it was almost sold—this would result in cutting off our road—but quick action on the part of Fr. Yeung prevented the deal. When I arrived I found him dickering; so, to prevent further trouble, I carried the bargain through and thus acquired a part of the land in question, including three buildings, for the sum of \$1,850 Cantonese. The parties who own the adjoining portion are not quite ready to sell, but we need that lot, lest the Protestants, who are next door, pay more and buy it for a garden, in which case we will be as badly off as before. Five hundred dollars in gold will take care of that, once our neighbors make up their minds to sell. On the other side, I had to part with \$300 Cantonese in order to buy one lot and get a clear title to the land on which the new chapel stands, besides assuring at least a back entrance in case we are blocked in the other.

The general mission here seems as badly strapped as I am, and so I must look to other quarters for sufficient funds to arrange the matter of which I speak. Fr. Yeung cannot be blamed, as he has done wonders with the limited funds at his disposal. He collected nearly two thousand dollars around here. No foreigner could do it.

There are two men from Hoingan in the seminary, and several girls wish to become nuns; in fact, they have already spent a few years in the Canton convent.

December 10. Fr. Yeung has just left. His advice to me was: "You must be a father to them. They need constant correcting and admonishing, even punishment, especially the young fellows." And these same young fellows cried as he left, showing that he had followed his own advice. I wonder if I can ever get their love and confidence as he had it. What a responsibility has every priest, and especially the missionary, of becoming *all things to all men*, that he may gain all for Christ!

ENCOURAGING ECHOES.

THE FIELD AFAR is our family companion.—*New York.*

I am very much interested in THE FIELD AFAR and try also to interest others.—*Ohio.*

I have lived all my life with non-Catholics. That is why I need THE FIELD AFAR.—*Ohio.*

Your magazine is certainly well worth reading, and the diaries are most interesting.—*Minnesota.*

THE FIELD AFAR seems to keep on improving from month to month. It wears well.—*Rhode Island.*

I am losing no time in renewing my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR, as I do not wish to miss a single copy.—*Ohio.*

The best missionary paper I ever came across in my life, and which I read not only once but several times, always with interest and profit.

Enclosed is a check for two dollars (\$2) for my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR. You are doing a noble work and God will reward you.—*Massachusetts.*

I look forward to the coming of THE FIELD AFAR, for I have formed the habit of carrying it back and forth to the mill. It is a delight during my rest at the noon hour.—*Massachusetts.*

The reading of THE FIELD AFAR has inspired me with a great love for the foreign missions and I sincerely hope that some day I shall be able to do my bit toward helping the poor pagans in the Far East.—*Ohio.*

We are grateful to know that your monthly sustains its reputation for interest and excellent management. What an enviable fund of wit and unqualified happiness has Fr. Byrne, your first Maryknoller in Korea!—*Toronto, Ont.*

I regret to find, on looking over my accounts, that my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR has run behind.

May I be forgiven by sending an additional dollar, as suggested in the publication, and still another "stringless" one for the worthy cause?
—*California.*

The enclosed \$5 is a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR for six years. It is hardly necessary for me to say that each copy of this magazine that arrives at our home is just one more ray of sunshine coming in, for I know of no bit of literature that appeals so strongly to our interest.—*New Jersey.*

ALL ARE NOT CALLED, BUT ALL CAN

The Paschal Season at Yeungkong.



THROUGH THE MISSION GATEWAY.

YEUNGKONG has no cathedral, but this does not prevent the missionaries at that station from observing the liturgy of the Church on such occasions as Palm Sunday, Holy Week, and Easter. These days must bring many graces to the faithful at Yeungkong, and many happy recollections to the Maryknollers there. The curate writes:

This year we decided that the ceremonies of Holy Week would be as impressive, or, in other words, as Catholic as possible. I believe we succeeded.

On Palm Sunday we had the solemn blessing of the palms, with the procession outside of the church and the chanting at the entrance to the church, with cross bearer, acolytes, and cantors as called for by rubrics. At times the plain chant may have limped a little, but that happens, every now and then, in the best-regulated communities. There is no doubt at all that the Christians and the catechumens must have realized that this Sunday was bigger and different from other Sundays of the year.

The Church is wise: for every ten

who can be touched through the intellect, there are a thousand who can be better reached through the senses, and nothing has yet been invented that can elevate man's senses as well as the liturgy and ceremonial of the Church, the most beautiful things of their kind ever conceived by the mind of man.

On Holy Thursday we called in the Sisters to help us sing the Mass, and, after hearing them chant the proper, we came to the conclusion that the Reverend Fathers had better keep quiet within the sanctuary during any Missa Cantata of the future. The altar boys went through their part of the ceremonies very well, even if a little human element did enter into their service at the sound of the clapper. After the first audible snicker, the curate gave them a look that would have turned honey into vinegar, and their mirth suddenly fled to their heels and then ran out of the soles of their shoes.

Our repository was a mass of flowers from our own compound, and of a variety which only the tropics can produce. Their extravagant hues might look a little out of place under a heavy American March sky, but with the bright sun pouring in through the windows, the brilliant yellow, red, and orange of the hibiscus seemed none too bright.

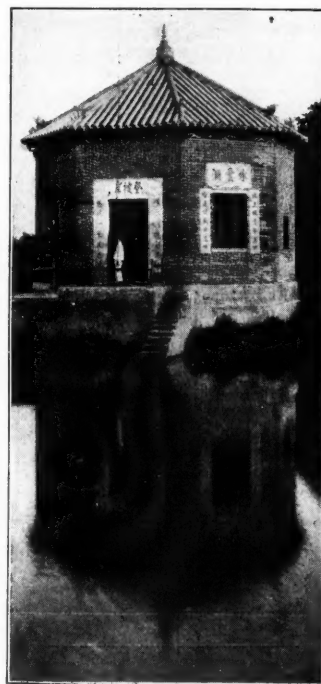
Our Christians and catechumens divided their numbers into bands, and each band took two hours' adoration. In this way, prayers, litanies, and rosaries followed one another from the close of the Mass on Holy Thursday until the beginning of the Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday. Midnight could show as many, if not more, adorers before the altar as midday.

Good Friday's Adoration of the Cross was even better attended than the ceremonies of Holy Thursday, and the Crucified Christ received homage Friday from more than one hundred pagans who have not even declared themselves catechumens. They did not kiss the cross—they do not know enough for that—but they did come up and prostrate themselves before it, the only act of adoration they know. For once in their lives at least, their kowtows were directed to the proper end.

A Catechist can be secured for \$15 a month.

The Stations of the Cross in the afternoon had a fine attendance. I thought our people would not know enough to come when there was no bell to summon them, but one of the school-boys took upon himself the job of town crier, and walked through the alley striking the clapper and crying out: "The Father wants the people to come in for the sorrowful way." In short order a chapelful was assembled.

The long ceremonies of Holy Saturday were gone through with hardly a break, the altar boys being on hand just when they were needed and just where they were needed. We were able to fulfill all the requirements of the rubrics even to the baptism of adults after the blessing of the font. The paschal candle and triple candle were made on our own property by one of the Chinese women. Their appearance might seem a little irregular to anyone used to getting store-finished articles, but the price saved, I feel cer-

A BUDDHIST SHRINE OUTSIDE
THE CITY OF YEUNGKONG.

PRAY FOR VOCATIONS TO THE MISSIONS.



MAP OF KWANGSI AND KWANGTUNG.

Showing principal Maryknoll centers and "where's who" at each mission.

tain, was on our side of the balance sheet.

From immediately after dinner until pretty well into the night, the curate was busy hearing confessions (the pastor held the fort at Chiklung). We caught a few big fish in the net and a large number of the smaller ones.

Most people like to dress up on Easter Sunday, and many a fair damsel goes to church with a sinking heart, on that great day, if the chilly winds of early April or late March are mixed with rain. I passed the word around among a few of the teachers that every Catholic ought to put on his best Sunday-go-to-meetings for Easter. The hint fell on fertile ground, just like the good seed, and our congregation blossomed out into all the colors of a flower garden and a few others that never grew on a bush. I did not know our people had such a fine assortment of silken robes; some of them were beauties. Our old standby, A Ling, the head of one of the divisions of Sun Yat Sen's soldiery, came in with such an array of glory that I thought for

a time all the fires of heaven were focused right on him; he just glittered. The old "Skipper," who has passed his seventy-fifth birthday, was in his usual seat in the front row—like the pillar of the church. He was all done up in a baby-blue creation. Old Lin Ing, the doorkeeper, put on the noisy purple outfit he had stored away in moth balls for the day of his funeral. Last year Fr. Ford bought this funeral regalia for him on his eightieth birthday. He was so happy to get it, and so anxious to wear it, we thought he would pass out that afternoon.

The men in China follow the design of Nature—the male of the species is always better bedecked (when bedecked at all) than the female—but, of late, a foreign perversion seems to have crept into Yeungkong. The ladies could not sport any baby-blues or canary-yellows, but they did manage to get some bright grays that would not need much of a push to be browns and blues; several pantaloons managed to develop into skirts; and practically all the Yeungkong millinery that looks like inverted wash boilers was left at home.

Style, as a rule, does not mean much; you can praise God just as well in a creased short coat as you can in a pressed, long one; you do not need much worldly experience to learn that a boiled shirt often covers a soiled heart. But it did mean something here: it was a public declaration of faith. And even though this declaration consisted in decking themselves out, it showed a little more external honor to Christ, and we are glad they did it.

At the low Mass of Easter morning, when the youngsters were singing the Chinese version of *O Filii et Filiae*, you could catch the holiday spirit even if you did not know a word of Chinese. The gladness of Alleluia must have been made in heaven; it is even happy when it becomes A-yea-u-year in Chinese. The day gave us a few more baptisms and as we went to sleep, happy and tired on Easter night, we could say with contented hearts: "*Hæc dies quam fecit Dominus, exultemus et lætemur in ea*," that antiphon of joy which runs like the race of the apostles to the tomb of the risen Christ.

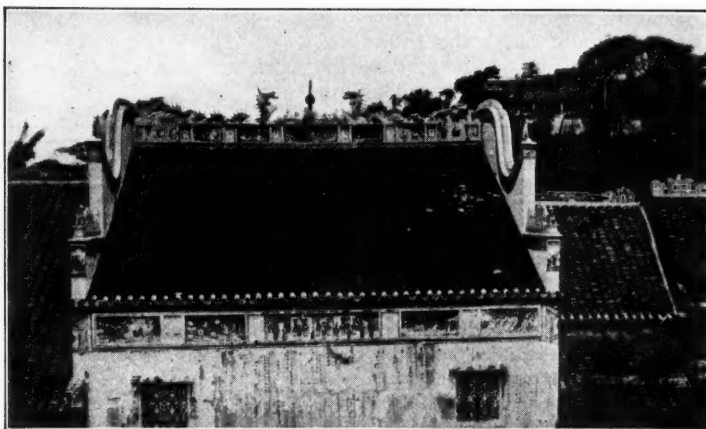
Kochow Restored!

IT is fine to think that Fr. Paschang has recovered from his serious illness and is back in harness again stirring up the faith that has been delivered to the "saints" of Kochow by Fr. Meyer and his worthy predecessors of the Paris Foreign Missions. Fr. Paschang writes:

We turned masons and carpenters into the place, and they had repairs ready for the grand opening of Sacred Heart School on October 5. This was a big affair. Everybody of any consequence in town was there, or sent a "sub." Among our guests were the military, civil, and judicial notables, wealthy gents of influence, merchants and students, and also the inevitable beggars. The men about town said that never before were there so many ladies present at a public gathering in the city.

The honorable students dressed up in their new gray uniforms and bore themselves with dignity befitting the occasion. The bugle and drum band which had been practicing until the lips and fingers of the boys were blistered, did very creditable blowing and beating.

Ceremonies began with formal bows of the students to the flag, to the principal, and to the faculty—all so honored returned the bows except the flag, which merely waved them off. Then Fr.



A TEMPLE ROOF AT KOCHOW.

Note the line of ornaments under the roof and the perforated window openings.

Meyer in his new, white silk robe ascended the rostrum and made an imposing figure and an inspiring speech. He explained to the audience that the aim of our school is not merely to fill the head with facts; but also to give moral training. Following him several other important personages made addresses. A group of men standing at the blackboard would suggest the name of some notable in the audience, and his name would be written on the board, this being both a compliment and an invitation to say a few words. The selections were acclaimed by the audience, and some of the men honored would rise in their places and murmur a modest thanks, while others mounted

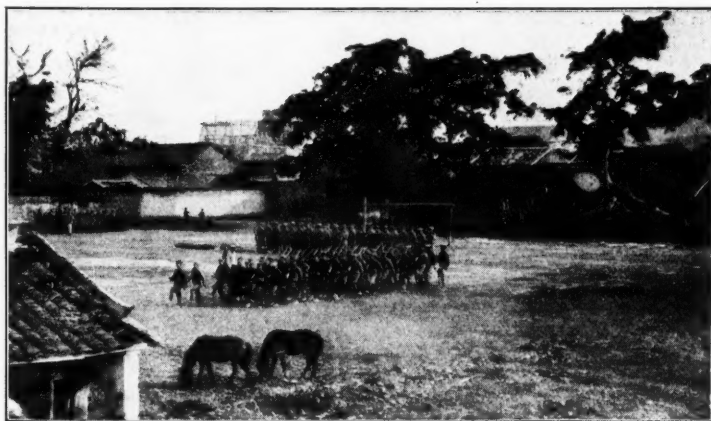
the platform and held forth at length, all taking their theme from Fr. Meyer's address. Several of these chief speakers suggested their own names to the man at the board. After telling us what is wrong with China, what great teachers were Christ and Confucius, they exhorted China to learn from America and France. All having said their say, there was a request (arranged beforehand) for the honorable principal of Sacred Heart School. I arose in my new, white robe, and in a few elegant phrases (prepared beforehand) thanked the audience for so honoring our poor school, apologized for my poor command of the language, and bowed gracefully—for me.

Sacred Heart School now being formally opened, the audience folded their fans, grasped their canes, repaired to the lounge rooms for hot tea and hard cakes, and later posed for a not very successful photo, in the scorching, blinding noonday sun.

In the afternoon, the Fathers, the faculty, and a few well-wishers of the school, among them Fr. Dietz, some of whose parishioners are students here, enjoyed a many-course Chinese banquet.

The day after the opening was spent by Fr. Meyer in giving final directions to the workmen and in packing up his many presents received from admiring and appreciative friends, Christian and pagan.

Early on the morning of the seventh,



THE FIFE AND DRUM CORPS ON PARADE.

The honorable students bore themselves with dignity befitting the occasion.

ARE IN YOUR POWER TO GIVE, WITH CERTAIN RESULTS.

To repeat daily, "Our Father . . . Thy Kingdom Come,"
and yet do nothing to promote the extension of the Kingdom,
leaves a Christian not more than a name.

he and Fr. Dietz went by wheel to Shuitung. The people were sorry to see Fr. Meyer leave us, but they gave him a grand departure ceremony. All the students—the catechism boys in their various shades of dirty blue and white stripes, and the grade school-boys in their festal uniforms—the teachers, other gentlemen in their long gowns, and carrying canes, and finally the Fathers, were led out of the compound by the flag bearers and the band. As they marched down the main street, all the shop clerks crowded in the doors, and a mob of boys and soldiers joined the parade. I had to start on a long trail to begin visitations, and turned back at the gate to find our compound deserted. Everybody able to walk, and a few babies riding their mothers' backs, had gone to see Fr. Meyer out of town.

Their route lay along the riverside, and, as I was crossing the ferry going in another direction, I could follow their progress by the clouds of firecracker smoke that hung above the trees. On the ferry, one fellow asked another: "Why all the firecrackers and the music?" He was told that the Father was going to Canton. "Is that something so great? Must they shoot firecrackers whenever the Father goes to Canton?" "O no," was the reply, "but this one is going to stay." This explanation seemed to satisfy the puzzled one, for he turned the conversation to food topics.

My route lay to our farthest stations, up to the Kwangsi border, where are our oldest Christians.

I am quite all right now, and have been waiting for a boat to get back on the job.

I shall have to spend several days getting acquainted with the pupils of Sacred Heart School. As I have tried

to make clear in the so-called diary, our school has a government charter to give diplomas. We started with only two of the six grades, the first and the fourth; but we had over seventy boys when I left, and we were turning away quite a few. Such a school is a bit expensive in the beginning, as all the furnishings have to be bought, teachers' salaries are always rising, and more teachers are needed as the enrollment grows. However, it is not a free school. The boys all board themselves, and we have nothing to do with that end of it at all, except to provide the kitchen, pots, and pans. Then, the regular tuition is twenty dollars a year. However, the full tuition is required only of those pagans who are not intending to become Christians. Our own boys, not many of whom can afford to pay for an education, are given low rates; but they must pay something besides their board. We are helping a few in whom we see good material for catechists.

Although the school is not self-supporting, I am sure it is a good investment. It "broadens our face" before the influential and wealthier people, and that counts. We have boys from some of the best families in town, and also sons of some teachers in the other schools who want their heirs to learn discipline, that being something Chinese schools "ain't got." It puts us in touch with a better class of people in the social strata, for, heretofore, practically all our Christians were farmers and small villagers. Morally, I think the simple country folks are the higher class.

As a government school, we are, of course, open to inspection by the school board, and we must fulfill certain requirements as to subjects, classes, and

teachers. We are not supposed to teach religion during school hours, but the Bible has been allowed for history and foreign classics.

Formerly, anyone who had waded through the Confucian classics and knew a few thousand characters, could open a country school; but now these little mud schoolhouses are being closed in our section of the country, and the law requiring teachers to have government diplomas is being enforced.

Our youngsters make a nice appearance on parade. I myself wasn't very keen about these misfit uniforms, half Chinese and half Western, but the vote seemed unanimous against me. The suits are of a nice gray color, with cloth hats to match. The small "kids" look quite cute, as the ladies say, but the big fellows look a bit *goofy* in short Norfolk jackets and knee-pants; but since they don't know how they look to me, everybody is happy.

Uniforms were not sufficient, however. They must also have the Sacred Heart characters on their collars, and a silver badge in the shape of a shield, with a red Chi Rho on the cross. The teachers have special badges, designed by E. Yip, and they are beauties. Next time you come to China, you *must* review us on parade.

Fr. Meyer left the mission in great shape. Its only trouble is growing pains. There are about five hundred on the list of active catechumens.

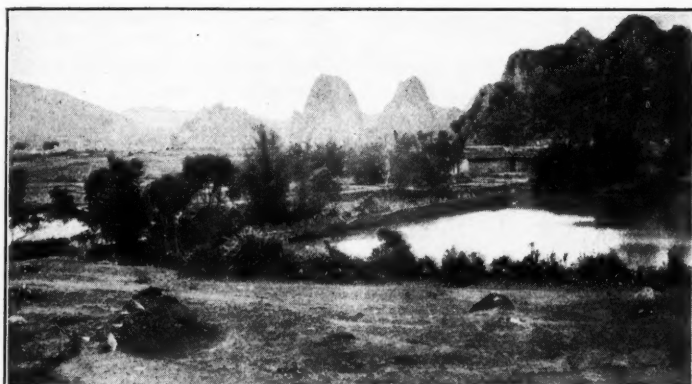
Hardly a week passes without some man coming to see us, and enrolling his family as catechumens. Our difficulty is to help them prepare. They struggle along as best they can by themselves, but I fear not a few will be discouraged unless we can supply catechists for them, and this is hard to do when you haven't got said "ladies and gents" on hand. Such is life.

I just had a letter from Fr. Fletcher who is expected to add new topics for conversation at our Kiochow table talks. He says he likes Fachow, and I say he ought to like it after the long time it took him to get there, via Kwongchow, and a sampan against the current on the Fachow River.

The mention of war is happily out of date, but the welcome awaiting war securities or liberty loans is still a pleasant anticipation. They help us to grow.

HAVE YOU ORDERED "MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS?"

Around Loting After the "War".



A PEACEFUL SETTING WITH ODDLY-SHAPED HILLS IN THE BACKGROUND.

TO prove the formula: "He who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day," our old acquaintance, the ex-bandit chief, returned with a village army to wreak vengeance upon the military commander who recently defeated him. Although there was not a single shot fired, on this occasion, the people, recalling last month's doings, were in a state of panic. Through side doors, main entrances, back gates, and over the walls of "Tin Chue T'ong" came the poor natives in droves. Not with the usual suppliant plea did they come this time, but rather with an assumed air of an inalienable right did they take possession of our compound, parking on every available inch. "Now that I'm safe at last, try and put me out," seemed to be the attitude of each.

But as has already been observed, not a shot was fired, for both the brigand and the military mandarin saved their somewhat soiled faces—and possibly the rest of their heads—through the fortuitous arrival of an official who was anxious and willing to become mandarin by paying a fancy price to each of the malcontents. Now we have another new mandarin whose tenure of office will perhaps continue until enough "squeeze"* warrants his selling the office to some other ambitious but not less avaricious official.

Our Joss Stick Street neighbors are very industrious these days. And nights, too, for, until the small hours

* graft

of the morning, they can be heard sawing and chopping bamboo into small slivers which will eventually become joss sticks. The approaching Mid-autumn Festival is the reason for all this activity. This year the "Fengshui, or Wind and Water men, are making capital of the recent Japanese earthquake by predicting a like disaster for China. As this catastrophe will likewise coincide with the end of the world, the more credulous are selling all they possess and giving the proceeds to the pagan priests.

These pagan priests have been more successful in their "joss pidgin" than they really hoped. Right in back of our house, one has gathered, in a straw matting shed, scores of excited and superstitious Chinese fearfully awaiting, as inevitable, the fulfillment of the dire prediction of the end of the world.

The Midautumn Festival has come and gone and so have many of Loting's "most promising" "Fengshui."

Fr. Dietz Writes.

SLAVERY smacks of past ages, but our missionaries run against it not infrequently. Of one case, Fr. Dietz writes:

A catechumen was imprisoned, a few years ago, through the efforts of some enemies, and accused of being a bandit. To ransom him (for it was merely for "squeeze" that he had been imprisoned), his uncle had to sell the

"How can you sell it for \$3.00?" asked a publisher-friend. "It's worth \$5.00 at least!"

He was examining MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS.

Have you bought your copy yet?

man's two daughters, about one and three years old, whereby he realized the sum of fifty-five dollars. The man was released, and a year or so afterwards the uncle died.

The man in question is now pining to buy back his daughters (they are still at home), but the slave dealer says he is not anxious to sell and that a slight inducement of four or five hundred dollars is necessary before he will even consider the transaction. The deed of sale is in his hands, and, in accordance with Chinese practice, the price paid is not stated, but left to the buyer to insert *ad libitum*; the uncle is dead and no one can testify as to the price actually paid. Moreover, the slave dealer is a relative of the mandarin's, which in present day China means that he cannot be wrong. So there is no redress. It is a crime that calls to heaven for vengeance. Yet what can you do? The poor man is only one of a multitude in the same fix.



THAT'S HOW HE LOST HIS QUEUE.

THE MISSIONERS' HOME IS WITH CHRIST—IN ANY LAND.

THE FIELD AFAR

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

"RABBONI—Master!" These were the first words of discovery and welcome to the Sunrise of Eternal Day. What agony of soul, what years of sorrow have passed over us since Good Friday! But now, the Sun is risen though we see it not until a voice, a familiar and beloved voice, calls us by name. With a quick cry of joy, all sorrow banishes, we fall down at His Sacred Feet crying again and again "Master, my Master, Rabboni!"

The work of Redemption is accomplished and we are now the brethren of Christ, the sons of God and heirs of heaven.

Let Us Rejoice and Be Glad.

ACTS of self-denial, Masses said, Masses heard, Communion remembrances, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, the Holy Hour, Stations, Rosary, daily toil—these are suggestions for helping apostolic men and women to extend the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Apply one or more while your mind is fresh on the great spiritual effort of the Church.

The twelve best books in the past quarter-century? See the list on page 122 of this issue.

POPE PIUS XI is greatly interested in the Mission Exhibition which will be held at the Vatican, from December 1924 to December 1925. He said recently:

The faithful will be able to see at a glance the scope and the importance of the divine work done by the Missions. They will be able to form an opinion of mission needs, and of the difficulties and obstacles which must be met with and overcome. They will see what has been done and what is yet to be accomplished. It is the duty of all, in so far as they are able, to come to the aid of the heroic missionaries.

He Is Risen, Alleluia.

IN every parish there are Eucharistic souls, in which the Eucharistic life can be further developed. The devotion of these souls to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament should, however, not be merely a private devotion. It should embrace the whole mystical Body of Christ. These Eucharistic souls would then be solicitous for the welfare of the Church universal, and would unconsciously draw others to their heights and to the wider outlook.

Most modern prayer books are too narrow in their expressions of devotion. We should get back to the beautiful Eucharistic prayers of the early Christians.

Christ Is Risen from the Dead.

IT is a mistake to suppose, by the way, that no support is given to the Church by natives on the foreign missions. This is true of some places, but far from being universally the case. The first gift received by the late Father Price and his companions, after arriving in China, was one of two hundred dollars from a well-to-do Chinese Catholic. Later, on their arrival at their own mission, the people—all poor in that district—brought food supplies, and a poor girl made an unusual offering for a Mass. Many, if not most Chinese priests, are supported by

their parishioners. It is true that a Chinese priest requires much less than a European or an American, but it is also true that his flock has little, and gives proportionately, much.

Christ Our Pasch Is Sacrificed.

WE hear it said that vocations to the priesthood, the brotherhood, and the communities of Sisters, in this country, are numerous but not as yet adequate.

Perhaps it would be truer to say that there are plenty of vocations, but that too few among them have been cultivated.

In calling young people to His service, God usually works through human instruments, and we poor humans sometimes fail to respond because we are not mindful of our influence.

Not long ago a zealous Massachusetts priest visited Maryknoll. He had labored in one parish, as assistant rector, for a score of years. In that period he fostered twenty-one vocations—fifteen to the priesthood and six to various orders of Sisters.

Good work this, an average of more than one a year—the raising of a family of twenty-one for the service of God.

Paschal Joys Be Thine.

CATHOLIC schools fill rapidly in America, and gradually their worth is being impressed upon every Catholic who, at the beginning, would not enthuse over their institution. These schools will save the faith to untold generations, and will save the country from the enemies of order.

"The school is the thing—" and the same is true in mission lands. Maryknoll missionaries write weekly about school prospects in China and Korea; and school prospects include not only elementary grades, but the higher institutions even to universities.

Death Is Swallowed up in Victory.

Z E A L F O R T H E E X T E N S I O N O F C H R I S T ' S K I N G D O M

"WILL the Tokyo disaster help Japan spiritually?" is a question asked by several who are interested in that country. We don't know, but we are pleased to register the following from the letter of a Maryknoller who recently passed through the stricken areas of Yokohama and Tokyo:

You may like to know that in answer to the question, one missionary here says that the disaster of September 1 is leading the Japanese to think seriously of religion. I noted this trend, too, in a newspaper published in Osaka.

Our missionary adds on another point:

The Japanese are grateful for the American response to the appeal for aid in favor of those who suffered from the earthquake and ensuing fire. I remember four distinct and spontaneous expressions of the general pleasure over American generosity, each one in a different place, and one from a gentleman who seemed to be somebody, judging by the delegation that came to bow him a welcome home. Several of the American business men, who sailed with us on the "Andy" Jackson, hold the Japanese in high esteem and openly expressed it. Apart from petty red-braided officialdom, what we have seen in our brief sojourn, on this side, substantiates their view.

He Is Risen as He Said.

"WHAT shall I do with my life?" is a question that boys and men are always asking themselves. The world holds out various courses: the law and a possibility of fame; medicine with its healing of human ills; trades which offer short hours and high pay—arresting advertisements simplify the problem to an admirable degree by their proposal, "Take our correspondence course and become a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year business executive." And yet God has His special work to which He is ever calling generous souls. Souls in this country are in need of priestly care, and millions of pagans abroad are waiting for the light of the Gospel to come to them. For the doing of this work God offers no gold, no worldly applause or fame. His reward



Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples whom Jesus loved.—St. John, XIII, 23.

is spiritual, eternal, not subject to decay.

Is it not possible that He is looking for your life-service as priest or Brother here in the home land, if not in some remote mission field?

Christ Our Hope Is Risen.

A TYPICAL Chinese student stayed for several days at Maryknoll, on two occasions recently. He had been educated in his home city, Nanning, at Protestant schools and has a good command of English. With many others, he was given an opportunity to study in Europe, where he met a well known Belgian priest, a missionary of China.

The young man is now a Catholic and recalling his former impression he said recently:

"In China I despised the Catholic Church because I did not know it. In Nanning it is poorly

represented in comparison with the extensive establishments of Protestants, and we always thought of Catholics as a kind of outcast people, with whom respectable Chinese would not associate."

Asked if, in China, he had not heard of the good work done at Shanghai by the Jesuits, their University, College, Observatory, and Industrial School, or if he knew nothing of certain prominent Catholics in that city (which is only a few hours' run from Nanning), he said that he did not know Shanghai well, and formerly presumed that Catholics were in similar condition there. He had never met any, and he had to wait until his arrival in Europe before his eyes were opened.

This young man is now at a Catholic college in Minnesota, and we believe that he will "make good."

ARE YOU ONE?

Last month 12,538 little "billydoos"—which means bills—went out to as many Field Afar subscribers. How would you like to have had the task? It meant several operations in addition to the actual preparation and sending out of the bill.

You say, "Why not put some expiration mark on the magazine?" We do, friends, but this present wail is a follow-up and reveals the fact that many good people believe in "tomorrow."

IS THE FRUIT OF AWAKENED INTEREST IN MISSIONS.

At Los Angeles' Maryknoll.



THE CONFIRMATION FEAST AT THE MARYKNOLL SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES.

Under the wistaria and in winter.

IN a recent number of *THE FIELD AFAR*, prospective visitors to southern California are invited to get in touch with the Maryknoll Fathers at 226 South Boyle Avenue, Los Angeles. We have many visitors during the winter months, although California's charms are not restricted to one season of the year. We who are privileged to live here the year round much prefer the summer to the winter months. The days may grow a trifle warm then, but, outside of the Imperial and San Joaquin valleys, the heat brings no discomforts. Many of us, in fact, would wish to see the mercury shoot up a bit higher both in summer and in winter.

One of the fascinating things about California is that it offers numerous

contrasts. You can take a hasty dip in the cold ocean, or linger longer in a warm, protected bay; you can rock yourself to sleep in a hammock under a red-berried pepper tree, while in your shirt sleeves, or you may motor, in a few hours, to a height where you can indulge in snowballing. On the way up, you can feast your eyes on Japanese vegetable ranches, the pride of California, with never a blade of grass or tuft of weed to mar the clean fields; or you may study the successive orchards: grapefruit, lemon, orange; then the less known avocado, persimmon, and pomegranate; walnut groves galore; peach, apricot, prune; long rows of stray olive trees; other gray rows of fig trees; pear and apple; then perhaps fields of strawberries, of vio-

lets, followed by miles of the most delicious grapes that were ever grown. When you have passed all this, you may be treated, in turn, to wide, sandy wastes as far as the eye can reach; or you may make a quick ascent into the snow belt of the pine-clad mountains.

It may be that the contrast thrusts itself on you unexpectedly, as happened to me recently. It was on that memorable night when the gray-headed old sinner, 1923, had to give way to the youngster, 1924. Four friends of mine from San Francisco invited me to join them on their return trip to the northern city. We left the home of the Angels at six o'clock amid a torrent of tears that fell upon us in the form of rain. It was cold and dark, not the

CAN YOU GET BETTER VALUE FOR A SOLITARY DOLLAR

time nor the hour that one would choose for a joy-ride. My friends could not tear themselves away from the southern city sooner; they hoped, with an all-night ride, to reach San Francisco by two o'clock on the following afternoon.

We were taking the interior route, via Bakersfield and Modesto. At Saugus, where the paved road divides into two parts, we were advised to leave the more direct Ridge Route and pass the Tehachapi range by a more circuitous and gentler grade, through Mint Canyon and Antelope Valley. There were few vehicles on the road and we enjoyed the ride despite the cold. The rain was now falling too gently to please the homesteaders on the arid slopes. My friends were carrying a radio set with them, having strung an aerial along the top of the machine. I held the loud speaker in my hand, and we all enjoyed the concerts and songs that were broadcasted from the Times and Packard stations of Los Angeles. About nine o'clock the Times director held the microphone out of the window to let those of his scattered audience in the deserts hear the patter of raindrops. We were glad of our milder fall, as we steadily moved upward through Mint Canyon into Antelope Valley.

A chilly breeze caught us in the wide basin constituting the northernmost point of the dreaded Mojave desert. This end of the Mojave, it is true, is fast losing its terrors; for enterprising ranchers have discovered that deep borings of about three hundred to five hundred feet assure them of artesian, self-flowing wells that generously irrigate fields well adapted for alfalfa and the best Bartlett pears. Up to Mojave village, the going was over wide asphalt and concrete roads. Palmdale, Lancaster, and Mojave showed lights, but little else. It was too cold, in this altitude, for outdoor gatherings, even though the old year was approaching its end.

We left Mojave and its level terrain when we started our upward journey toward Tehachapi, the top of the summit dividing northern and southern California. A few flakes of snow marked the beginning of the climb; but soon a veritable gale caught us, and with it came a blinding snowfall. It was impossible to see more than a few feet beyond our powerful headlights. We encountered drifts, and at last the machine came to a dead stop. We could go neither forward nor backward, and in a few moments we were half buried in snow and ice.

Our driver got out of the car, but the wind took him off his feet. He managed to crawl back to us, reporting

that he could not see his hand before his face. We did not relish stopping in that freezing cold, but there was



RT. REV. JOHN J. CANTWELL, D.D.
*Bishop of Los Angeles and special
patron of Maryknoll.*

I GAVE confirmation, on Sunday, at Maryknoll. It would do your heart good to see the class of children that were presented for the sacrament. The school attendance has increased very much. There seems to be the nucleus of a real Japanese parish. The children never looked better, and showed the influence of the nuns upon them. They looked brighter, more self-possessed, and much neater than when I last gave confirmation. May God bless your mighty work and spare you a long time to it!

✠ John J. Cantwell

nothing else to do. Our driver was inexperienced, as were all the rest of us. Fearing that he might run out of gasoline, he stopped the engine, without taking the precaution of letting the water out of the radiator. We were poorly supplied with blankets, for we Japanese pride ourselves on our ability to endure cold; but before long the five of us piled into the rear seat and huddled close together.

All this time the radio was grinding out its dance music. We installed it in the front seat. It didn't seem to mind the inclement weather. Talk of contrasts! Here we were fearing that our last night had come, and a bare

hundred miles away, crowds were moving about, laughing and singing and dancing, and quite comfortable in their scanty clothes. We needed to keep awake; so we let the radio do its worst. The orchestra of the finest hotel in the country played one dance after another for us, who were shivering in the stalled auto, unable to move.

At midnight a tremendous cheer from the Biltmore ballroom greeted the New Year. It stopped at one o'clock, and it was well that it stopped then. The wind was shrieking with never a let-up; a foot of snow had drifted in between the curtains. We were beginning to believe that we should be frozen to death before morning. All of us were Catholics, and I took out my beads and began to recite the rosary aloud. The others joined in. I never prayed with more fervor; the mysteries, though often repeated, were never more real. I believe the beads saved our lives: we were kept from falling into a death sleep. A new courage came to us and we patiently awaited the break of dawn.

At the first lifting of the dark pall of night, the driver and I left to scout about for a ranch house. The engine was frozen solid, as we realized when the starter could not turn it over. Luckily we had come to a halt close to the only ranch on the long stretch between Mojave and Tehachapi town. The ranchers showed fine hospitality. They accompanied us back to the machine and helped to get the elder three of our party to the house—they had to be carried.

A warm fire brought all around within an hour—all but our luckless machine. A kettle of hot water so shocked the radiator that it jarred itself to pieces. We were towed back to Mojave, where we had been waiting for more than a day for new parts to reach us from Los Angeles, when I chanced to spy Fr. Kress in his Buick. He had made a trip to this basin to give a close-up view of the desert to some Eastern friends. My mind was soon made up; I bade a hasty adieu to my friends in distress and jumped into the automobile that was turning its head toward Los Angeles and warmth.

Bamboo Phil.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

*Lave Thou what is soiled with
sin,
Moisten what is shrunk within,
Heal the sore in mind,
Bend the stubborn to Thy will,
Warm the hearts that pride doth
chill.*

Lead the crring blind.

—From the Roman Missal.

THAN A YEAR-FULL OF FIELD AFARS COMING TO YOUR HOME?

The Apostolic Delegate Visits Maryknoll-in-Los Angeles.



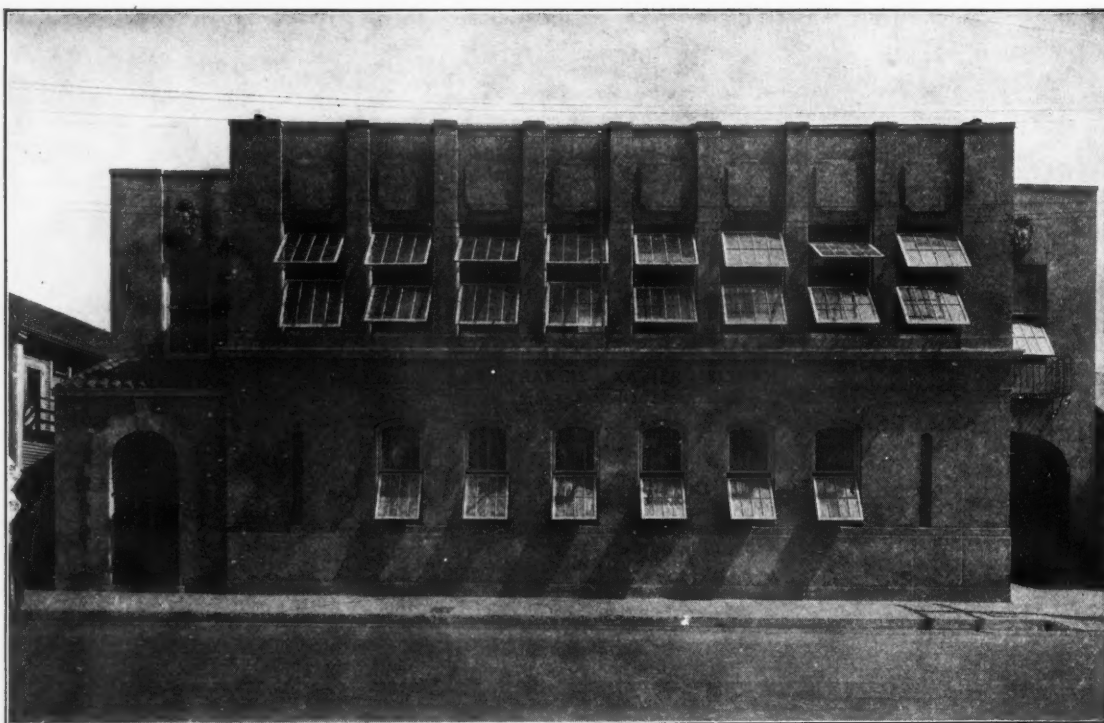
THE BISHOP OF LOS ANGELES
AND ONE OF HIS FLOCK.

IN early February, the Maryknoll Japanese School at Los Angeles was honored with a visit from His Excellency, Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate, accompanied by Bishop Cantwell. The Archbishop was unaffectedly glad to meet so many little Japanese who recalled pleasant years he had spent in Japan as Papal Delegate. He showed the children his pectoral cross, containing relics of the martyrs of Nagasaki—the gift of the Japanese Christians. Many adult Japanese were present.

Another noteworthy occasion at the School, during the Delegate's visit, was the reception tendered in its spacious auditorium to a committee sent to the United States by the *Tokyo Herald*, to express Japan's grateful appreciation of this country's prompt and generous aid to its earthquake-stricken people.



ARCHBISHOP FUMASONI-BIONDI
AMONG HIS FRIENDS.



THE MARYKNOLL SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES.

*In which are gathered daily two hundred forty Japanese children from all parts of the city.
It must have a third story one of these days.*

KEEP YOUR EYES ON OUR KOREAN MISSION

Maryknoll-in-Seattle.

THE Rt. Rev. Edward J. O'Dea, D.D., brought us much joy and many blessings when he visited our school recently. His Lordship was accompanied by his secretary, the Rev. Theodore Ryan, chancellor of the diocese.

The Bishop commended the Sisters for the good work they are doing in behalf of the Japanese children, and recalled with fatherly interest the early beginnings in Spruce Street. He is familiar with the names and occupations of many of the Japanese of his flock, and inquired for others whom he met on the occasion of his first visit to Maryknoll-in-Seattle.

His Lordship touched on the school question now being agitated in the courts of Oregon and said that such difficulties would bring even a more healthy condition of Catholic progress along educational lines.

We were sorry when it came time for His Lordship to leave, and we are hopeful that he will come soon again.

The Maryknoll Circles will hold a card party in our Kindergarten Hall some time this month. Arrangements are also being made for a bazaar after Easter.

Fr. Ebert, C.S.S.R., preached our annual retreat, from February 6 to 15, at the close of which four of the members of our community made their final vows to the V. Rev. D. A. Hanly, V.G., who also gave Benediction on this eventful occasion.

Maryknoll-in-Scranton.

IN Scranton, at the residence of Bishop Hoban, the annual report of the Maryknoll Preparatory College was recently presented to its Corporation, which includes, besides the Maryknollers themselves, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hoban, Messrs. A. J. Casey, E. J. Lynott, and Edw. J. Connerton.

No substantial additions to the College building were reported, but much progress has been made in the development of heat and light systems, and also in grading and road-making.

Farm products exceeded the actual expenses, thanks to an efficient Brotherhood and the Canning Circle of Maryknoll Sisters helped not a little to reduce current expenses, which, however, were found to run well above four hundred dollars for each aspirant apostle. But we are yet in the

high cost of living age. The exact per capita cost was \$35.10 a month. The college has 109 dwellers.

The Corporation has given its sanction to the erection of section two of the College, and a start will be made this year if the financial condition of Maryknoll allows it. The Vénard, as many of our readers know, is far from being self-supporting, and as yet its major subsidies must be drawn from Mother Maryknoll's holey pocket.

Some day the boy will grow up and take care of himself—perhaps even make an occasional gift to his old mother.

A NEW KIND OF LIFT.

Here is the latest form of co-operation.

Some weeks ago there went out from Maryknoll the following letter addressed to pastors, who, a year ago, had welcomed a Maryknoll priest and encouraged his plea for subscriptions:

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER:

In February, 1923, we secured a gratifying number of subscriptions from your parish. We know from experience that many of the subscribers, probably much more than one half, will fail for one reason or another to renew, and we cannot keep them long on our books as the post office regulations forbid this, were we so inclined. Is it asking too much, therefore, to request a reminder from you among your announcements?

In the event of your favorable consideration, we believe it would be worth while to forward to you envelopes and pencils for distribution on the day of the announcement, and a line on the enclosed post card will let us know your will in the matter.

Grateful for what you have already done, I am, with kindest regards,

Sincerely yours in Christ,
SUPR. MARYKNOLL.

And here are a few responses to this letter:

Send me the list of subscribers from here and I'll see that they persevere. It always means so much.

—Rev. Friend, Mass.

Will give announcement of subscriptions on Sunday, January —, if satisfactory. Whatever in your judgment will aid, will be gladly welcomed and utilized.

—Fall River Pastor.

Look for a special medical announcement in our next issue.

If you will kindly send me the list of subscribers to THE FIELD AFAR, I shall have my collectors call upon them as well as upon the non-subscribers this month.

The — Circle of St. — Parish will guarantee the salary of a catechist beginning with 1924.

—Rev. Friend, Pa.

This kind of cooperation is the solution of subscription trials. Great is the influence of our interested priests, and thankful are we to have it.

HEART BOMBS.

A dollar which will help along your work is certainly a dollar doing its utmost.—New York.

Use this fifty dollars (\$50) wherever you think best in promoting your worthy cause.—New Jersey.

This check represents part of my Christmas collection, and the eighty-four were contributions at the Crib.—Rev. Friend, N. H.

Do what you want with the enclosed \$5, but remember me in your prayers. I sent you \$1 some time ago and I got more good from it than from all the money I ever spent.—Iowa.

Enclosed find check for six dollars (\$6). One is to pay for my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR for 1924; the five dollar gift, use as you see fit.—Massachusetts.

In this \$10, you have the latest contribution of Johnny Mite Box to the cause. Johnny is already back at his old post and has begun to accumulate more "food."—Pennsylvania.

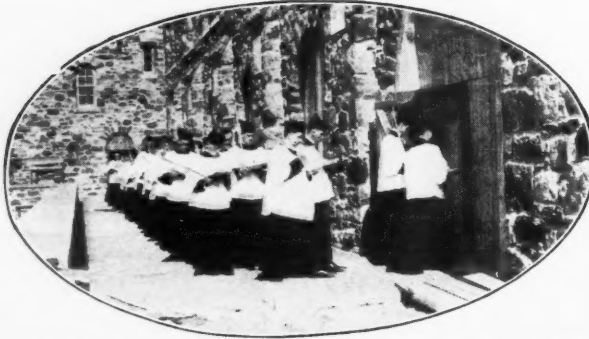
I have been reading Fr. Byrne's interesting and cheerful letters in your paper and think he certainly deserves encouragement; so I am enclosing this check (\$300) for his mission.—St. Louis.

No penny that once comes into this house is allowed to go out—except through the Mite Box.

These pennies mean more than their intrinsic value; they represent the breaking down of a prejudice, for we were strongly opposed to foreign missions until a fine priest came, last year, to tell us something of your work in that field.—Massachusetts.

DO YOU WEAR A CHI RHO PIN?

Atop the Knoll.



THE PALM SUNDAY PROCESSION ALONG THE UPPER CLOISTER WALK.

APRIL showers will be welcome at Maryknoll this year, after a most unusually green winter. Our water supply depends considerably on the rippling brook which flows along one edge of our property. At times, however, last summer, not a ripple was heard, and when the skies were dry—so were we. But now we are to have our own reservoirs high—but we hope not dry—in the Seminary tower, and then one more problem will have been solved.

April also brings Holy Week and Easter this year, days which every Maryknoller recalls as full of graces, with holy and happy recollections. Our temporary chapel is rather a poor place, as yet, but the Holy Week and Easter atmosphere which is typical of Maryknoll does not lose any of its rare spiritual refreshment for those who follow the services. The full liturgy of the Church is carried out: Palm Sunday, with its procession and the solemn chant of the Passion; the Tenebrae and the impressive ceremonies of the last three days of the week reaching that height to which only the dignified chant and ritual of the Church can lead, and culminating with the glad Alleluia of Easter morning.

We would gladly push over a little more and have our friends drop in on us during these blessed

days, but nearly every inch of extra space is taken by our good Sisters who would never think of missing the ceremonies each year. Nor would we deprive them of the opportunity. Later on, perhaps, when laborers come around and ask us to please let them work for the love of it, we may be able to finish the permanent chapel, and then we shall be able to give all visitors an opportunity.

Building means billing, though, and when the bills come on the wrong side of the book, building means trouble, and trouble means—but what does it matter? We could continue the boiling down process for some time, but, after all, in the end, it would all come to have one meaning—the where-withal.

If you have ever been the treasurer of a sewing circle or of a pinochle club, you will remember that the one thing you had to do was worry. It is part of the office. Our Treasurer, until a year or so ago, "never had a grey hair in his head," but now he is thankful to have any. "Make it STRINGLESS" he urges, and the scribe who heard him wrote:

If it's Stringless
It is wingless
And won't fly from out our grasp.
Pockets ringless
Conscience stingless
Stringless gifts we'll gladly clasp.

So much for strings—and now for a beard. Recently we had one

at Maryknoll in the person of the Rev. Adrian Larribeau, who has labored in the Far East for eighteen years. Fr. Larribeau went to his mission field while still a subdeacon, and was ordained to the priesthood in Penang, Straits Settlements. Now he is on his way to France, where his parents will receive the first blessing of their priestly son. Fr. Larribeau met our Fr. Byrne in Korea, and then and there began his study of the American language. He will "tell the world" that America would be a fine place if it had a few bananas. In the meantime, he is repeating, along the line, this one of Fr. Byrne's pet stories. Here it is:

The train stopped at a station. A man approached the conductor with the question: "How long do you stay here?" "From two to two to two two" answered the conductor. And the mystified passenger asked: "Are you the whistle?"

The story loses in the writing, but not in the telling by our friend from across. Even the Sisters nearly screamed. Try it on yourself and say it rapidly without flowers—2 2 2 2 2. Are you the whistle?



"OUR SUNNY VISITOR."
Rev. Adrian Larribeau, of Korea.

PASS THIS FIELD AFAR TO SOME NEW FRIEND

Good Fr. Larribeau has passed leaving merriment and blessings after him, but we look for him on his return to the land of his adoption. And when he greets Fr. Byrne in Korea, he will have a few choice Americanisms up his sleeve—or should we say behind his whiskers?

An interesting survey of just what work the Maryknoll students do during their period of manual labor each day may be gained from the following list from which duties are assigned: property upkeep, water, light, mechanics, plumbing, carpentry, painting, photography, interior decorating, economics, floriculture, woods, trees, tree surgery, roads, outside grounds, special construction, librarians, sacristans, refectorians, stenographers, typists, barbers, and the flying squadron continuously on the chase for dirt.

Everyone at Maryknoll keeps busy. Recently, during a "dry" spell, one of the star students found much amusement and inspiration in calculating the difference in time between the home clock and that shown by our missionaries' radiolites. China time is thirteen full hours ahead of Eastern Standard. So when we, at the Seminary, get out of our beds to start a new day, at five-thirty, the mission Maryknollers are in the midst of their afternoon work, or taking a few minutes respite before tiffin. Later, when we begin our first classes of the day, here at the Seminary, our elder brothers are at night prayers, where, we are sure, we are not forgotten. Later still, while we are at Rosary, we have the opportunity of asking graces for those across the seas who are just rising to another day's work for God and souls, and our invocation at night prayers, "Star of the Sea, pray for them," finds them busy at their work. Hence, there is no time of day when some Maryknoller is not at prayer for



EVERYONE AT MARYKNOLL KEEPS BUSY.

A group of students getting the baseball diamond into shape.

his brother on the opposite side of the globe.

"Maryknoll is maturing," remarked a visitor recently. Then he added, "It begins to feel as if it had always been just where it is." The thought came back to us on February 15, when twenty-five Maryknoll Sisters (Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic) took their final vows. The Superioress, Mother Mary Joseph Rogers, made her final profession at Gishu, in Korea. The others as follows:

At Kowloon, Hongkong—

Sr. Mary Paul McKenna, of Reading, Pa.

At Yeungkong, South China—

Sr. Mary Magdalen Doelger, of New York City.

Sr. Mary Francis Davis, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sr. Mary Rose Leifels, of Schenectady, N. Y.

Sr. Mary Dolores Cruise, of East Weymouth, Mass.

Sr. Mary Thomas Bresnahan, of Holyoke, Mass.

At Seattle—

Sr. Mary Théophane Shea, of Lawrence, Mass.

Sr. Mary John Cahill, of Norristown, Pa.

Sr. Mary Rita Bodkin, of New York City.

Sr. Mary Gerard Gallagher, of Dorchester, Mass.

At Los Angeles—

Sr. Mary Elizabeth Thompson, of Albany, N. Y.

Sr. Mary Michael Conlin, of Lockport, N. Y.

Sr. Mary Philomena Flanagan, of New York City.

At Maryknoll, New York—

Sr. Mary Teresa Sullivan, of Nashua, N. H.

Sr. Mary Gemma Shea, of Marblehead, Mass.

Sr. Anna Marie Towle, of Portland, Me.

Sr. Mary Catherine Fallon, of Boston, Mass.

Sr. Mary Ambrose Crawford, of Boston, Mass.

Sr. Mary Agatha Davin, of New York City.

Sr. Mary Anthony Conway, of Danbury, Conn.

Sr. Mary Aloysius MacDonald, of South Boston, Mass.

Sr. Mary Patrick Maher, of Boston, Mass.

Sr. Margaret Mary Slattery, of Athens, N. Y.

Sr. Mary James Rogers, of Jamaica Plain, Mass.

FOLLOW THE MISSIONER WITH YOUR PRAYERS.

While the Sisters are working indoors, the students manage to give lungs and muscles a chance to be developed outside. With the winter over, groups are getting the baseball diamond into shape. They live for only one game: that in which they will defeat the New York diocesan seminary, Dunwoodie. A friendly game between these two groups comes twice a year, the opening and the closing of the baseball season, and it is difficult to say which team enjoys the events most. Dunwoodie is always welcome at Maryknoll, and Maryknoll is certain that "some day" the visiting team will go home defeated.

THE MARYKNOLL BROTHERHOOD.

ON November 26, 1842, Father Sorin, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and six Brothers of the same community, after a journey of more than one hundred miles through the snow, arrived at Notre Dame, Ind., to take possession of a tract of land ceded to them on condition that they would build a college and novitiate, and assume the care of the Indians and white settlers in the neighboring districts. The only shelter that Fr. Sorin and the six Brothers found, when they arrived, was a log cabin, ill-furnished and offering but poor protection from the winter winds. There was a single bed which the Brothers insisted should be taken by Fr. Sorin, while they themselves slept on the floor. Such were the beginnings of the great University of Notre Dame, which has done so much for God and religion in the United States, and which today has an enrollment of more than two thousand students.

The fact that Brothers were the majority of this pioneer band appears to us significant in view of a call for Brothers from the Maryknoll pioneer missionaries in China and Korea. The importance of an Auxiliary Brotherhood as part of an efficient foreign mission organization is becoming more and more evident. The Brothers,



THE WORLD SERIOUS GAMES.

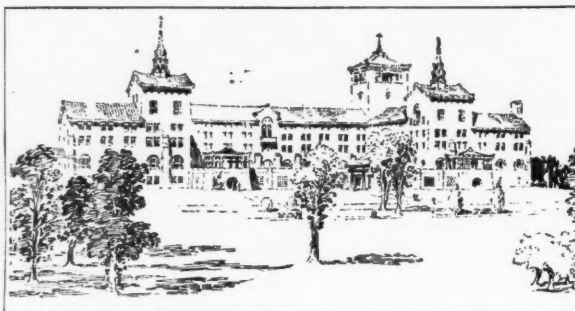
New York Diocesan Seminary (Dunwoodie) vs. Maryknoll marks the opening and closing of the baseball season.

to be useful, must be skilled craftsmen and mechanics, teachers for high schools and colleges, nurses, office assistants, and men of business ability. The numbers needed will grow with the number of Maryknoll mission centers that are opened up. Foreign mission work will always be pioneer work and will always need such assistants.

To prepare adequately for this need, Maryknoll should be able to train those who enter the Brotherhood in one or other of these trades and professions. To give such training, men already experienced along these lines are needed in the Auxiliary Brotherhood. During the late war, cap-

tains of industry devoted their services, their scientific and business ability to the government for the successful prosecution of the war. The Church can surely find among its sons in this country, some willing to make a similar sacrifice for its foreign mission campaign.

There are, in the various trades and secular professions, Catholic men who envy those who have found their life's work in the service of God—men who would have entered the religious life in their earlier years had they known their opportunity. Many such will find an opening in the Maryknoll Brotherhood.



do it? Send five dollars, or send for a card which is ingeniously arranged to secure that amount in varied small offerings from your friends. Address: The Maryknoll Seminary, Ossining, N. Y.

STONES.

THIS building is planned for three hundred priests, students, and Brothers, with accommodations for the occasional guest. Put some stones in it. You will be always glad and proud to have done so. How can you

HAVE YOU READ OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT?

Other Outposts.

Mok Sin Poo Writes.

WITH Fr. Lane went a companion, Fr. Morris, Mok Sin Poo, whom many of our priest readers will recall as that Maryknoll priest whose "passive resistance" overcame any lurking objections to his talking up THE FIELD AFAR in their churches.

Fr. Morris enjoys the change from knocking and being knocked for propaganda, and his message will be worth reading even if he did write it himself:

Here I am at last. I regret very much having kept you in suspense so long, for I know you have spent distracted days and sleepless nights thinking of your wandering Reuben.

Since last I saw you, on that night when the very elements wept at our departure, life has seemed one continuous romance, so rapid and various were the pleasures and glad surprises that crowded on our horizon as we sped across the motherland, dearer now than ever, as we launched out into the deep, and finally as we covered the route by rail and by boat from Tokyo to Gishu or Maryknoll-on-the-Yalu.

Most of our experiences are related in the diary written by our auburn-haired brother from Lawrence. As factotum of our group, he saved us from many of the petty annoyances of traveling, and all was serene as far as Yokohama.

Fr. Lane and I received a very cold reception into Korea. Fr. Byrne is not to blame. He provided well under difficulties, and among other preparations had the larder so well stocked as to allow no reason for hankering after the fleshpots of America. But in spite of Fr. Byrne's best efforts, ably seconded by those of our clerical nightingale, the weather man "got in his licks."

Fr. Lane was cold night and day, while with us in Gishu. I am now acclimated. Thermometers are needed to measure the cold, and not the heat. Anyhow, we are piling on more clothes as our feelings indicate the need, and if it grows much colder, we

shall require a periscope to get our bearings.

We are living the community life, and cramming in Chinese, Japanese, and Korean, emphasizing, of course, the Korean; and, believe me, this mental pabulum calls for strong digestive powers, as is the case with their culinary concoctions, to which we are gradually attuning our nasal organs. This community life is attractive and helpful, and to me it is, moreover, paradise, compared with the irregular and lonely propaganda life I left at home.

We have not every convenience: to bathe we must revert to the basin or tub method of childhood days; to wash our hands, in a figurative way, we must go almost *al fresco*—a very meritorious act, with the weather near zero; to say Mass, we must endure shivers and shakes in an unheated church, a veritable refrigerator. But everybody is happy.

There is so much to provoke laughter as one studies the people, their dress, their customs, that were the sense of humor lacking, it would grow on one.

May I have your permission to raise a topknot? It makes one so distinguished in these parts.

India and Its Missions

(Illustrated)

Prepared by the Capuchin Mission Unit

A candid and thorough account of the East Indies and of the Catholic missions located there. The statements are taken from the latest and most authoritative sources.

Price: \$2.50

FIELD AFAR OFFICE

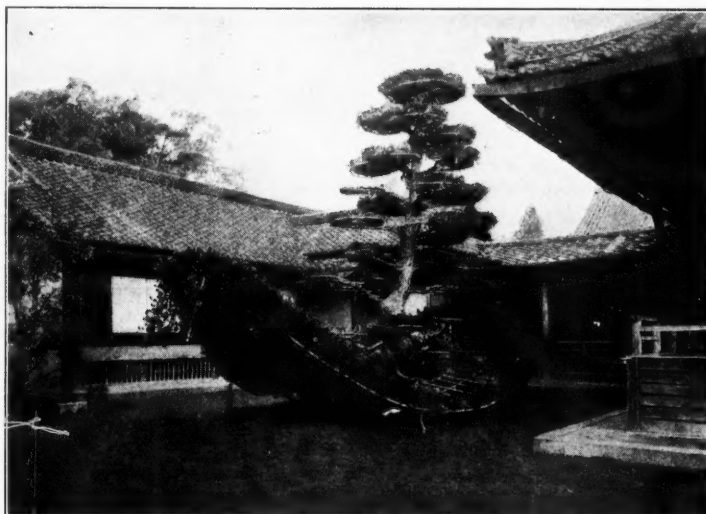
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Pong Sin Poo is away to meet Bro. Isidore at Seoul. Fr. Kil Sin Poo is across the corridor, worrying over his pile of correspondence.

PAT-PITS FROM KOREA.

Bro. Isidore is rather lonesome not having any chickens and cows to worry over. But we put a can of condensed milk under his pillow last night, and he had a fine sleep.

Our little dog, Teddy, is working night and day shifts against the fleas—and is beginning to look nervous and *distracted*. We have to speak to him twice. He seems to be always listening for a flea. He certainly is absorbed in his work—and believe me, it's his life work.



A KOREAN GARDEN.

In the good old summer time.

Father Lane's Log.

ALL visitors to Maryknoll in recent years knew Fr. Raymond Lane, and, since his departure, last November, for the China Mission, many inquiries have come concerning him. After an air flight in Los Angeles, a shake-up in Tokyo, and a breeze in Korea, he arrived safely in Hongkong. But we will let him tell his own story:

A day of disaster—it should have been the thirteenth, as it marked the separation of the inseparable two.

Since we were still unable to dock,

knoll last summer. From now on the diary will be divided into two sections: the one relating the experiences of Fr. Lane, the other those of Fr. Morris. This will narrate the experiences of Fr. Lane.

I took a rickshaw at the Admiral Line Offices and went to the nearest station of the Yokohama-Tokyo Railroad, which was at the other side of the city, as the nearer one had been totally destroyed. The experience was depressing. Everywhere there was evidence of complete destruction. No building seemed intact—even those which withstood as far as the walls

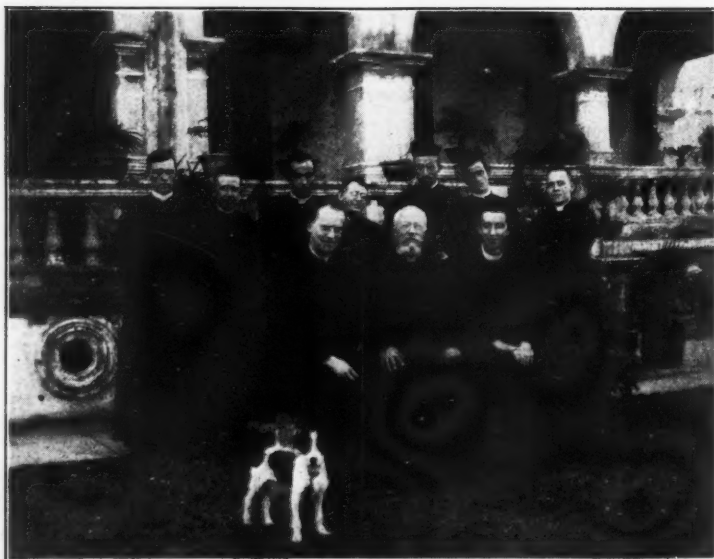
a ride of about half an hour, through a large section of the city, which gave ample opportunity to judge of the extent of the damage. I boarded a train for Tokyo. Along the entire route of the railroad, a distance of about eighteen miles, every city, and there were many large ones, showed signs of destruction. In some cases this was almost complete. The sight was hardly credible and indeed it would be incredible unless one actually saw the results.

I reached Tokyo about half-past ten and went to the Imperial Hotel, one of the few buildings which withstood the quake, and the finest combination in the Far East, according to many, of the oriental and modern in architecture. Mr. W. had left the hotel to take up residence in a suburb, and I could not reach him at Keio, by telephone, as it was a Japanese holiday. I tried to get accommodations, but the best I could find was a room for a few hours. I took it, and prepared to set Mr. Corona to work. There were signs of the quake here and there, cracks in the ceilings, and workmen could be heard repairing the damaged walls and roof; yet this building was supposed to have stood the quake as well as any.

I was just getting settled when there was a rumbling sound as if someone were dynamiting for a foundation near by. This seemed to last several seconds and caused no special alarm. Immediately there followed a vigorous shake, yells in the street, and a running through the corridors. It was terrifying. Mindful of the long passages through which I had come, I tried to open a window, but these were small

Once in a great while you open the box and see the dime bracelet of early days, the stoneless setting of the little ring Aunt Sarah gave you, the lonesome cuff button whose mate disappeared last century, that jammed gold collar button that John once wore, and his sister's watch of long ago.

It is rather interesting to look at them, but sometimes you wish that they were out of reach. At any rate, they are idle and useless, when, if added to many others, they could be accomplishing something worth while for Maryknoll. So—the next time you flick dust off that box, remove the treasures, and make a little act of sacrifice if you feel a pang.



AT THE PROCURE, HONGKONG.

When Frs. Lane and Gleason, of the seventh group, arrived. Note "Philly" from Philadelphia, who survived the trip across with the sixth group.

it was necessary to go ashore in small motor boats provided by the Admiral Line. These were hardly palatial or even oversafe, with the crowd that filled them, but the Japanese boatmen are skillful and they knew their craft. Fr. Lane went ashore about nine in the morning. Fr. Morris remained to have a trunk repaired, which was rapidly disintegrating. This marked the beginning of the catastrophe mentioned above.

It was agreed that we should meet at the Imperial Hotel where Fr. Lane was to meet Mr. W., a professor at Keio University who had visited Mary-

were concerned, were ruined within by fire and by the extraordinary movement.

Only the streets had been cleared, and not long before I arrived the bodies of the victims were burned. Masses of broken masonry were piled up between the streets. In the midst of all this was great activity: everybody seemed to be working; no loitering people were in sight; those in the street were all carrying something or leading an ox, a small pony, or even cows of the milk variety which are used here also as beasts of burden.

I finally arrived at the station after



and could not be moved. The shaking continued; the floor seemed to be rising and falling and I wondered why the whole structure did not collapse. I turned to the door and began to run—anywhere—just to get out of the place. A Japanese boy, the only person in sight, tried to reassure me that there was no trouble and little danger. I could not stop for discussion. Finally, I saw a door leading from the second story onto a roof. The air looked good and I preferred the roof to a floor. The streets were filled. Everyone watched and waited with fatalistic calmness inexplicable to one who had not experienced the first quake.

There were about twenty persons on the roof, and they seemed to think the place quite safe. So I remained there trying to appear unconcerned. We heard afterwards that the trembling had lasted twelve minutes and one of our roof garden companions (an American) remarked that it was the worst shake since the first, but had not been followed by the destructive horizontal motion which no building can stand without some damage.

After a short delay, business was resumed, the workers and guests reentered the hotel, and things went on as usual.

I hesitated some time before going back to my room, but everything seemed safe for a time at least, though I decided to check out immediately, and go back to Yokohama and the boat. Fr. Morris and I passed each other somewhere along the line, and he was not on the boat when I arrived.

The sail down Tokyo Bay was delightful, and I got another good look at Fujiyama in the sunset. The snow on the top and sides made it look all the more attractive.

I said my rosary alone on the hurricane deck that night; the moon was bright, and the Japanese mainland plainly visible. I thought of Francis Xavier and his journey through these parts, and wondered at his courage and zeal, prompting him to set out for the Orient, when the land and the peo-

ple were scarcely known, and travel was so long and arduous. We of this latter day, hardly deserve the name of missionaries, in comparison with these former soldiers of Christ.

I arrived at Kobe about noon, and found Fr. Ray at the dock. Fr. Ray is assistant to Fr. Fage, an old friend of Maryknoll. Our cicerone could not speak English, and for the first time on the trip I found it necessary to speak in a foreign tongue. Things went a trifle stiff for a time, but I managed to assemble a workable vocabulary after an hour.



LES VOYAGEURS.

Fr. Morris, of Fall River, and Fr. Lane, of Lawrence, Mass.

The only question asked at the customhouse was: "Have you any tobacco?" I said: "Yes, we have no tobacco," and went on my way unmolested. Fr. Cleary had been held up at Kobe, while the officials went into a discussion regarding two apples which he had in his bag. The decision was that they were dutiable, and Fr. Cleary ate the apples on the spot, thus saving a few sen for himself and relieving the embarrassment of the officials.

My few hours stay with Fr. Fage were very pleasant. My companion had not stopped at Kobe, but I found a welcome letter from "Pong Sin Poo" (Fr. Byrne), the superior at Korea. He wished me to stay around Japan for a few days till he finished the house at Gishu. The absence of Fr. Morris complicated matters, and I decided to go on to Shimonoseki, hoping to meet him there.

I arrived at Shimonoseki at six in the morning. It was very cold and I had to hustle to keep warm. Fr. Fage had given me the name of the "Ten-shudo" (Catholic Church) at Shimonoseki.

The floor of the chapel was shining and seemed quite fragile. I was given a pair of slippers before I entered, and knew what this meant. The weather was a trifle chilly for cotton socks, but *la politesse japonaise* required this and I cheerfully conformed to custom.

I said Mass at eight o'clock. It was my first Mass in a foreign land, and as the little Japanese server, the son of the catechist, answered in very good Latin, I thought with a thrill of the Church's catholicity. My host, Fr. Utsch, said Mass for the people at nine, and I listened to his sermon, noting the reverence of the people.

Fr. Utsch was glad to see a priest. He does not see many, and offered hospitality to any Maryknoll missionaries that may pass this way. I told him that we hoped many would come through his city, in the future, and thanked him for his kind offer to share the little he had.

The boats to Fusan, Korea, are the last word in neatness, and, even though I was traveling second class, a pair of sandals was placed near my cabin—a rather practical hint as to what was expected. I donned the slippers and was ready for action.

It was not without some premonition that I watched the boat depart from Japan, as the Straits are notorious for their roughness even on a calm day,



TO HELP A MISSIONER IS TO SHARE HIS REWARD.



A STREET SCENE IN SEOUL, KOREA.

and this was a bit windy. The same sunset thrill which Father Superior mentioned in *Observations in the Orient* came to me. We were drawing near Fusan. The scene was beautiful, as the Korean hills stood out boldly to the north of the city and along the shores. The same thoughts came—thoughts of the first missionaries to this country, and their fate, and especially of Just de Bretenières.

My train was waiting at the Fusan station, and after presenting the passport and answering the question regarding tobacco, I went aboard, had dinner, and climbed into a bunk for the night.

The Japanese have done much to facilitate travel in this, their new acquisition, and deserve credit, especially for the railroad system which they have inaugurated.

My train arrived at Seoul, or Keijo, as the Japanese have named it, early in the morning. I had not anticipated any trouble in finding the cathedral, and felt that a Japanese vocabulary of four words would be sufficient. I asked in turn for Tenshudo, for Tensho Chio, for the French church, and even described as well as I could a bearded priest in a soutane. All in vain. Something was wrong. I took a pencil and paper and sketched a church steeple with a cross on it. There was a conference of ten or more

rickshaw men, and then a decision. They knew the place at last. I mounted one rickshaw, and we were off.

It was still dark as night and very cold. I did not have a covered rickshaw, and so I sat and shivered and wished we were there. My man trotted along for ten minutes, and then ten more, a half hour, three quarters, and I began to wonder why the French Fathers had built their cathedral so far from the center of the city, as we were evidently getting into the outskirts. Finally the man stopped in front of a large compound containing a half dozen buildings that were certainly not Korean. I looked for a church that might be a cathedral and saw none; for a cross, but neither was this in evidence. My man prepared to drop me at the gate, but I declined to get out. It was now light, and I did not want to be abandoned in this place without means of conveyance.

A number of Koreans in their white pantaloons and overcoats gathered, and I was the center of a discussion. All this happened in front of the gate, and finally a very sleepy Korean came out, an intelligent fellow, who spoke a little English.

He told me that I had arrived at the American Presbyterian Mission. I asked him for the Catholic cathedral. This was too hard for him, but he told me there were some French missionaries, not far away, about ten minutes by rickshaw.

I had an idea that the Benedictine monastery might be hereabouts. Sure enough; after a few minutes we came to a gate with a cross on it. Above were buildings that looked familiar. I was happy, paid the man after making sure of the place, and entered, to be received very graciously by the Prior. I said Mass, had breakfast, and, after describing my experiences, to the amusement of the Father, took another rickshaw back to the cathedral rectory, which was reached without trouble as the Father had given the man directions in Korean.

I was greeted at the Bishop's house by Fr. Georget, successor to Fr. Larribeau, and behind the door my long-lost companion was hiding. We were glad to be reunited again. After discussing

THE MARYKNOLL DOZEN



A limited shelf will hold them, and a limited pocket-book will buy them, but there's no limit to the profit and satisfaction you will get from them.

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In the Homes of Martyrs	1.00
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Maryknoll Mission Letters	3.00
(Letters and diaries of the pioneer Maryknoll missionaries to China)	

Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

our various experiences, it was time for lunch, and we found ourselves forced to talk French constantly. It was good practice and we were glad that we could stumble along and get a sentence in here and there that had an actual resemblance to the language.

We remained at the Bishop's house, and did not go out into the city that day, as we had many things to do. We expected to see Fr. Byrne the next morning. He was coming down to Seoul to meet us.

This is the Dollar Mission Monthly.

MORE THAN HALF A MILLION PEOPLE

Noted Here and There.

AT last! We find in a new prayer book (the *Daily Manual*, published by *The Messenger*, Carthagena, Ohio) prayers for the missions—home and foreign. These prayers cover ten pages of an attractive little volume.

Useless is the name of a youngster studying at Fr. McShane's school in Loting. Recently he married and now hopes are in order for Mrs. Useless and her Useless spouse.

Catholic Builders of the Nation is a most worthy and highly-interesting work, in five volumes, on the contribution of Catholics to the civilization of the United States. It is published by the Continental Press, Boston.

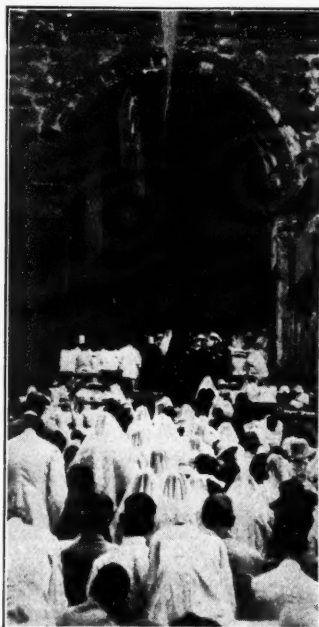
The Directorium: Theologiam Pastoralem Complectens by Fr. C. A. Boury, O.M.I., which was reviewed in *THE FIELD AFAR* for September, 1923, can be procured by writing to: Père Supérieur des Oblats, 41 rue Soubre, Liège, Belgium. (Price, 10 francs.)

If you are interested in foreign missions, your heart must be large enough to embrace the home missions also. If you find *THE FIELD AFAR* interesting, you will also like to read about the Indian Missions in our own country, and the *Indian Sentinel*—that has recently appeared in a fine new dress, feathers and all—will tell you. Address: Catholic Indian Missions, 2021 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

The story of foreign mission help, if ever told, will reveal great generosity on the part of individual European Catholics—especially in France. Many missions have been sustained on the patrimony of the incumbents, or by the favor of their relatives.

One family built the Seminary of Philosophy for the Paris Foreign Missions, and others reconstructed, at great expense, its chapel crypt in the rue du Bac.

Acknowledged with thanks to anonymous benefactors—new vestments and twenty dollars for Chinese mission.



OUR LADY OF MOUNT MALACCA.

Goa, in India, possesses the remains of St. Francis Xavier, but Malacca, in the Straits Settlements, had the prestige of first interring the body.

The church so honored is today a ruin, but Catholic faith urges pilgrims to pray within the roofless walls.

RENEW! RENEW! RENEW!

A news clipping states that the Fordham (N. Y.) University Sodality, composed of day students, will begin a missionary campaign among the Chinese of New York. This is good news and it will be better news to learn that the movement is spreading. It is full time to get the ear of Chinese in America and let them know that the Catholic Church is "a going institution," not decadent as some Chinese in America have been taught.

Your *FIELD AFAR* often mentions the cooperation of priests, and, as a layman, I am somewhat surprised since I took for granted that every priest, not to mention all our bishops, archbishops, and cardinals, would be keenly alive to such a work as *THE FIELD AFAR* is so cleverly pushing.

J. K.

J. K. is a type—a good, single-eyed Catholic, who cannot understand that situations may become complex, and that even good wires in the Church can be burnt out by the crossing of other good wires.

He must not be surprised that we emphasize the kindness of priests, and we will continue to do so because our readers are helped and edified—the more so since they know that at their doors priests have problems to meet that might excuse a lack of thought for what goes on over the wide expanse of oceans.

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR YOUR LAWYER'S REFERENCE.

I give, bequeath and devise to the **CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.**, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of New York,

(HERE STATE OR DESCRIBE THE BEQUEST)

to have and to hold unto said Society forever, for the purposes for which it is incorporated, or for any other purpose which it may hereafter be authorized to accomplish.

WILL READ THIS ISSUE OF THE FIELD AFAR.



News from Circles with Interest in Maryknoll.

He said therefore to them again: Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent me, I also send you.—St. John XX, 21.

THE Ave Maria Circle, of Winter Hill, Mass., sent in its annual Circle dues of \$75.

A Stringless Gift that received welcome was that of \$100 sent in by the Mount Auburn Catholic Women's Club, of Watertown, Mass.

Newly formed is the Father Welstead Circle of New York City. A Stringless Gift of \$200 reached us from its members and their friends.

The St. Francis Xavier Circle, of Philadelphia, Pa., is giving a second Room in the Maryknoll Seminary. An additional installment of \$50 has been received.

The St. Leo's Mission Circle, of Dorchester, Mass., is interested in several activities at the Knoll. Recently \$145.55 was received for the Convent Fund and \$27 from Mite Boxes.

The Roman Catholic Chapel Guild, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is doing active work in building a Burse in honor of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament. Another gift of \$100 has just been received for this purpose.

The Blessed Sacrament Circle, of Philadelphia, Pa., has recently sent a gift of \$90 for the support of its catechist. Household linens received from the members is another expression of interest.

The Maryknoll Nurses' Circle, of St. Margaret's Hospital, Kansas City, Kan., has been doing splendid work for the missions. Recently its gift of four large boxes of medical supplies reached Maryknoll. This, together with the Stringless Gifts, is most welcome to the missions.

The St. Bernard Circle and the Bernadette Circle, both of Brooklyn, are cooperating in work for Maryknoll. A Reception and Mah Jong Party was held recently by the Bernadette Circle. The proceeds gave evidence of fine attendance.



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE.
Enmeshed in the mystery of real clothes.

An elaborate Card Party and Reception was held by the Maryknoll Yeungkong Mission Circle in Corona, Long Island. Close to one thousand friends attended. The very fine proceeds were donated to the work of the Maryknoll Sisters in China.

The Mission Pep Society, of Troy, New York, has taken, as the motive of its activities, the St. Stanislaus Mission in Korea. It plans, with the cooperation of its friends, to erect a St. Stanislaus School there. Donations for this have already been received.

The St. Rose of Lima Circle, of New York City, held a most successful Euchre and Reception.

The proceeds of several hundred dollars was sent to aid the work of Maryknoll. This Circle has also given a Room in the new Seminary (\$500), and is supporting a seminarian (\$300).

The Mary Immaculate Circle, of Kingston, N. Y., held a Reception to which the Children of Mary were invited. An address was given by the Spiritual Director of the Circle, following which there was a talk by the Circle Director of Maryknoll. The latter is grateful for the cordiality extended and the generous donations received.

At the request of the Maria Mission Circle, of Holyoke, Mass., the Superior of Maryknoll-in-China gave an illustrated lecture to a large gathering of friends. "Maryknoll and her Missions" was the subject of the lecture which took place in the afternoon, and was repeated again in the evening. Generous donations were given, and many new friends made. The Maria Mission Circle does not confine its activities exclusively to Maryknoll. Its interest is centered in the Day Nursery in Holyoke.

The Maryknoll Film has now been seen by ten thousand and more people and kindly comments by the score have reached us.

Mr. Tichenor of the Eastern Film Company, N. Y., is still kindly circulating this film, at no expense to our friends except that of transportation.

China's Crusade of Prayer calls for the simple ejaculation:

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom Come in China!

A longer prayer has also been composed and approved for use by communities or individuals. It reads:

Sacred Heart of Jesus, we implore Thee to delay no longer. Drive away from China Satan and his instruments; have mercy on the multitude of pagans, and lead them soon into the bosom of Thy Church. Amen.

Reduce our expenses and save for the missions by renewing before we bill you.

Send five dollars for six years if you prefer, but at least send one dollar for your current subscription.

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MARYKNOLL MEDICAL NOTES

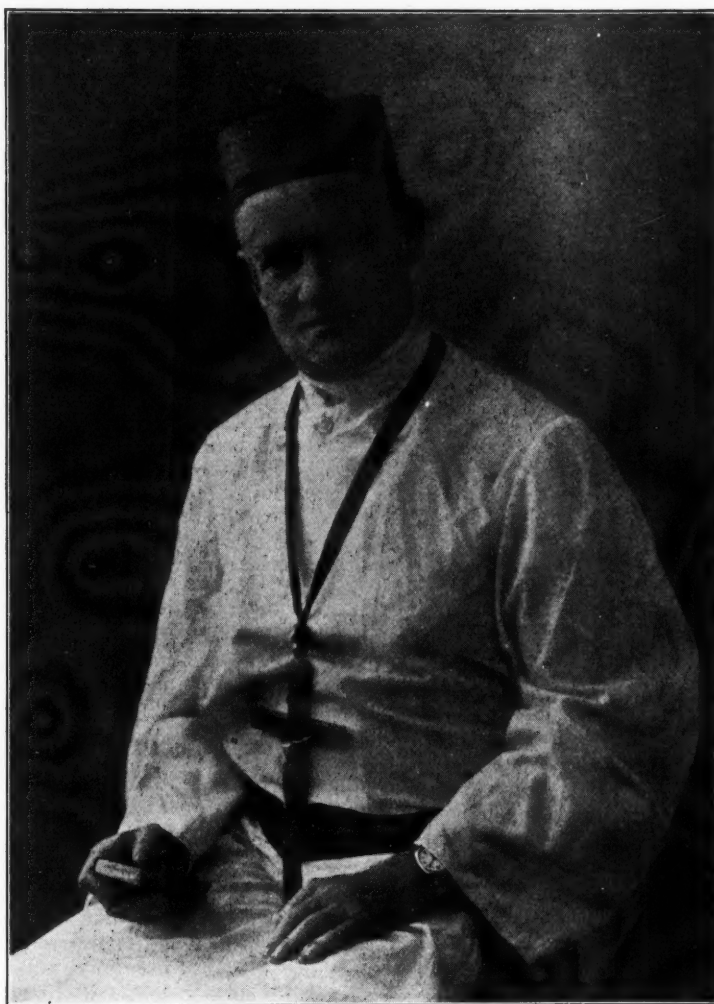
If you are a doctor or a nurse we shall be glad to provide labels bearing the above shield in colors, with the words, "Maryknoll Medical Bureau Library, Donor—," so that the books or pamphlets which you donate will always bear your personal signature.

A PHYSICIAN on the Pacific Coast has started a fund for medical mission work. His foundation stone was \$500 and he has since added to this \$200. Two allotments have already been made from the fund.

Dispensary work in Tungchen did not suffer during the temporary absence of Bro. John. Fr. Taggart who is now stationed at this mission writes of his work as doctor and nurse:

The Tungchen dispensary is functioning, and not on one leg, either, in the absence of Bro. John. This afternoon I had about thirty-two cases. Even a slight knowledge of medicine is useful in China. There seems to be no end of people without the faintest notion of how to take care of themselves. It does not require much brains to hand out quinine—malaria is chronic here; at the change of seasons nearly everybody is down with it; five grains put the afflicted ones on their feet and stop the pain almost immediately.

The schoolboys have all developed a Chinese skin disease called "li." Some of them are in a painful condition, with sores all over them. The main occupation of the youngsters seems to be walking about holding hands, and in that way they pass it on from one to the other. I do not know what there is in holding hands, but it seems to be an integral part of the Chinese educational system. Let a youngster open a book and he holds hands for the rest of his life.



"BROTHER JOHN" DORSEY, A. F. M.

When last heard from, he was keeping his smile and lengthening a very useful record.

Some time ago, Bro. John managed to "fix up" a broken general in China. Later, the general wrote the following through his secretary:

DEAR MR. THE BROTHER:

I am directed by Mr. Lew to say that

he can not say how much to thank you as you have made him better; but he like very much, when you can return to Kocho in order he would call on you for the purpose of making his sickness finished more quickly. With best regards,

Yours sincerely—Yo Wu Yu.

That Hospital in China is coming. To the foundation of one thousand dollars has been added a similar gift and some smaller ones, making to date two thousand twenty-four dollars, which will start the project well. And now for a doctor on the horizon.

LET OUR ADVERTISERS KNOW THAT WE ARE WORTH WHILE.



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ON another page of this issue, we have asked for *Stringless Gifts*. Many of our old friends, however—and some of our young ones—have already caught the idea, and, realizing that we are in a better position to place their gift, have made their offerings *stringless*. Thoughtful souls, these; may their number multiply!

A most welcome gift of this kind came from a group of Sunday School children.

One stringless gift recently stood four places to the left of the decimal. Priest-friends from Montana and Massachusetts followed with gifts equally great, and the stringless idea appealed also to many friends in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New York, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, and New Jersey.

The missions were not overlooked, and a three-figure gift came to us recently "for Korea." The missionaries there have just weathered their first experience with Siberian winds, and we are sure that gift will receive a warm welcome. A New York State friend, also interested in the Korean mission, has sent \$500 for a chapel there.

The work and the workers in China came in for a remembrance. From Lafayette, Indiana, comes

Fifty dollars paid within two years (fifty cents a week will accomplish this) secures a paid-up Maryknoll insurance of the spiritual order—including a life subscription to The Field Afar.

a generous addition to the Leper Fund.

Children again to the fore! The Catechist idea has appealed to children of the parish at Massena, N. Y., and these future apostles have sent a gift of \$125 for their particular teacher in one of our South China missions. May God give to some of these the grace to take up the work where their catechist must leave off!

Similar gifts came also from Pontiac, Mich., and Portland, Maine.

Gifts for student education have come from Minnesota, Michigan, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Alabama.

Several additions have been made to our Burses, from New Jersey, New York, and New Hampshire.

The annuity idea appeals—it is such an easy way to avoid troublesome post-mortems, helping yourself and us at the same time.

From Ohio came an annuity of \$5000; from Seattle, Washington, one of \$1600; and there was also one from Washington, D. C.

We have received notice that we have been mentioned in the will of Jane Cronin, Boston. At the same time we learned the following wills have matured in our favor: Ellen Collins, New Jersey; Mary McGlynn, Pennsylvania; Edward Scott, New York; Mary Hanily, New Jersey; and Sarah Meehan, New Jersey.

PRAY FOR THE DEAD.

A warm and valued friend of Maryknoll was the late Monsignor William D. Hickey, vicar-general of Cincinnati. He is one of our founders and we commend his priestly soul to the prayers of our readers. We also request prayers for the following: Rev. Francis Walsh, Sister M. Catherine, Mrs. Margaret E. Hart, Mrs. Robinson, Anna McAvoy, Mrs. John P. Geierman, Albertina Prendergast, Mrs. Sarah Colahan, Margaret Schneider, John F. Cummings, Joseph E. Bergeron, Mrs. Rose Kennelly.

THAT UNIT TO UNIT IDEA.

We are always hoping that "some day" as the mission spirit rises in America, we shall see units in the home land—parishes for example—mothering units in the mission field.

A recent gift from Bishop Duffy, of Grand Island, Nebraska, brings with it a practical illustration. Bishop Duffy writes:

I am enclosing \$100 for the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America, as the first contribution from this diocese officially. In all likelihood, there will be an annual contribution, which should amount to \$300 next year, and continue at least as large each year thereafter.

I plan to assign three or four parish schools as Maryknollers. I shall communicate with these schools through their pastors before the coming Lent. I tried the suggestion on a zealous pastor in the poorest of these parishes, on Fr. Nepper, at Rushville. (Your little biography of Father Price made me think of Fr. Nepper.) Perhaps their casting of bread on the waters of Maryknoll's fishermen may be blessed with the divinely promised return.

We have had the privilege of reading Fr. Nepper's cordial reply to Bishop Duffy's acknowledgement, and we are taking the liberty to quote from it:

RIGHT REVEREND AND DEAR BISHOP:

Your kind letter anent the mission activity of the children of St. Mary's parish was read by me with great astonishment; the Sisters and the children, too, were surprised in view of the fact that the amount was but the modest contribution of a small school.

After reading your letter, the children were touched, and with a proud determination will strive harder next year to make a more substantial contribution toward educating a missionary.

Beg the Maryknollers to pray for blessings upon our struggling school and parish.

Adveniat regnum Dei.

THE Maryknoll Procure, in San Francisco is now equipped to forward supplies to the missions. Were these to be sent from California to New York, transportation charges would be needlessly added. If in doubt as to the mission-value of certain kinds of articles, it would be well to drop a post card of inquiry to the procure—Fillmore and Vallejo Streets.

IF YOU HAVE CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS

GOOD READING FOR LENT GOOD GIFTS FOR EASTER

Maryknoll Books are always unusual values. But to spread foreign mission interest more widely, we offer during Lent the following special prices:—

OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT	and any ONE	\$1.00 BOOKfor \$3.00
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All SIX	\$1.00 BOOKS	for 5.00

These offers hold good until April 20, only.

Observations in the Orient

An account of Catholic Missions in the Far East, chiefly in China and Japan. By the V. Rev. James A. Walsh, M. Ap.

As a diary, it is literary and delightful; as an appreciation of conditions in the Orient, it is keen and to the point; and as a plea for the foreign missions, it is shot through with intensity of love for the cause of Christ among the Orientals.

—Ave Maria.

The book is an encyclopedia of Catholic missionary information, accurate and interesting, written by a sympathetic and zealous witness. A study of its pages will make every Catholic in America a friend and helper of the work of foreign missions.

—Homiletic Monthly.

320 pages of text and 80 pages of illustrations.

Red cloth, stamped with an attractive design in gold and black.

Regular price, \$2.50. With any \$1.00 book during Lent, \$3.00

Father Price

A brief sketch, compiled from the letters of his friends.

A triumphant song recounting the exalted virtue of a missionary wholly buried in the great cause to which his life was consecrated. The reader profits from electric contact with a soul that dwelt in close communion with the center of all holiness. It is a book that is really worthwhile.

—Catholic Transcript.

91 pages, 9 illustrations. Map.

Blue cloth, stamped in gold.

Regular price, \$1.00

A Modern Martyr

Bl. Théophane Vénard of the Paris Foreign Missions, beheaded in Tongking in 1861.

The story is one of great beauty and pathos. It gains in interest from the fact that it is largely made up of Théophane's own letters. Priest and layman, old and young, will find in it much to uplift the mind and delight the heart.

—Cath. Univ. Bulletin.

241 pages, 15 illustrations.

Red cloth, stamped in black.

Regular price, \$1.00

Blessed Perboyre

Of the Congregation of the Mission, martyred in China in 1840.

Day and night he was ready to go wherever his ministry called him, and counted as nothing fatigues, labors, or journeys when there was a question of the salvation of souls. Jean Gabriel's reputation for sanctity was already great but after his glorious martyrdom it increased still more.

—Process of Beatification.

450 pages, illustrated.

Neatly bound in cloth.

Regular price, \$1.00

For the Faith

Just de Bretenieres, of the Paris Foreign Missions, martyred in Korea in 1866.

This book is charming, so charming that, once opened, it is a sacrifice to the reader to put it down until every page has been read. Just, the martyr-hero of the story, was an attractive boy before he became the earnest, self-sacrificing priest and zealous missionary.

—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

180 pages, 16 illustrations.

Tan cloth, sepia and gold.

Regular price, \$1.00

The Martyr of Futuna

Bl. Peter Chanel, S. M. martyred in Oceania in 1839.

There are exquisite human touches, and nowhere is there any straining of the note. One cannot peruse these interesting pages without being moved to add this simple martyr to one's own litany of the saints, so convincing, so appealing, is his sanctity.

—The Ave Maria.

210 pages, 16 illustrations.

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An American Missionary

The adventures and labors of Rev. William Judge, S. J., in Alaska.

A book of this kind will prove a most effective pleader for the cause of foreign missions. It tells of a Jesuit of to-day, full of the spirit of St. Francis Xavier, gladly giving up his life as a sacrifice for souls in far-away Alaska.

—The Catholic World.

293 pages, 16 illustrations.

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Regular price, \$1.00

Address: THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

STUDENT BURSSES.

A Bursse is a sum of money invested and drawing enough interest to provide board, lodging, and education for one aspirant apostle at the Maryknoll Seminary, or Maryknoll's Preparatory College. The Venard. Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor.

The usual bursse is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand. We will welcome additions to five thousand dollar burses.

Any bursse or share in a bursse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

FOR OUR SEMINARY.

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Sister Mary Pauline Memorial	
(St. Elizabeth Academy) Bursse.....	3,763.50
Curé of Ars Bursse.....	†3,590.20
St. Anthony Bursse.....	3,491.06
Trinity Wekanduit Bursse.....	3,298.53
St. Anne Bursse.....	3,241.50
N. M. Bursse.....	3,000.00
Bl. Louise de Marillac Bursse.....	2,937.21
St. Philomena Bursse.....	†2,605.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Bursse.....	2,500.00
College of Mt. St. Vincent Bursse.....	2,500.00
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Bursse.....	2,443.80
St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston	
Bursse.....	2,222.76
College of St. Elizabeth Bursse.....	2,205.00
Father Chapon Bursse.....	2,173.50
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Bursse.....	2,071.89
Marywood College Bursse.....	2,032.10
St. Michael Bursse No. 2.....	†2,000.00
Holy Child Jesus Bursse.....	1,972.60
Dunwoodie Seminary Bursse.....	1,898.05
Mother Seton Bursse.....	1,860.58
Pius X Bursse.....	1,755.25
St. Dominic Bursse.....	1,734.07
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Bursse.....	1,561.98
Duluth Diocese Bursse.....	1,411.70
Bernadette of Lourdes Bursse.....	1,357.75
Immaculate Conception, Patron of	
America, Bursse.....	1,161.23
Omnia per Marian Bursse.....	†1,120.00
St. Agnes Bursse.....	1,014.76
St. John Baptist Bursse.....	948.11
Susan Emery Memorial Bursse.....	710.65
St. Rita Bursse.....	697.15
St. Lawrence Bursse.....	646.25
St. Michael Bursse.....	641.50
St. Francis Xavier Bursse.....	613.28
Our Lady of Lourdes Bursse.....	510.03
St. Joan of Arc Bursse.....	424.01
St. Louis Archdiocese Bursse.....	344.00
St. Bridget Bursse.....	340.00
Holy Family Bursse.....	330.00
Children of Mary Bursse.....	289.05
St. John B. de la Salle Bursse.....	253.86
Maryknoll-in-Heaven Bursse.....	228.50
St. Boniface Bursse.....	217.40
Bishop Molloy Bursse.....	200.00
Our Lady of Victory Bursse.....	189.00
The Holy Name Bursse.....	170.00
SS. Peter and Paul Bursse.....	150.00
All Saints Bursse.....	139.28
Jesus Christ Crucified Bursse.....	138.50
St. Jude Bursse.....	132.00
Archbishop Ireland Bursse.....	101.00
St. Joseph Bursse No. 2.....	100.00

FOR OUR COLLEGE.

Little Flower Bursse.....	\$4,368.45
Sacred Heart of Jesus Bursse	
(Reserved).....	4,251.19
Anonymous Diocese Bursse.....	3,000.00
Holy Eucharist Bursse (Reserved).....	2,100.00
Bl. Théophane Vénard Bursse.....	1,608.80
"C" Bursse II.....	1,500.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Bursse.....	1,000.00
St. Aloysius Bursse.....	647.50
St. Michael Bursse.....	632.32
Immaculate Conception Bursse.....	106.00
St. Margaret Mary Bursse.....	106.00

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

Who will be our new aspirant apostles this year? We can accommodate about twenty more at our Preparatory College, and the same number at the Seminary.

We are pleased to record a new Bursse-to-be. At present it is in the form of an annuity, but eventually will become operative and applicable to the training of a Maryknoll student. The Bursse will be known as the Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Burst Bursse.

Four thousand new names went into our stencil stacks last month. Each required some labor and expense of material, but it is a pleasure to stand for both when it is question of a new arrival. What brings a sigh to our hard-worked Sister Recorders is the obligation to detach a stencil thought to be a friend for life.

Last year's report chronicled satisfying evidence that friends are keeping Maryknoll in mind when it comes time for will-making. The average bequest was one thousand dollars. We have not many friends "at court" (we have more who have passed through that experience), but, if we had a few hundred lawyers interested, our will file would increase considerably. Lawyers have already been good to us.

THE C. W. B. L.

The Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion, after registering the splendid gift of a Bursse for the education of a Maryknoll student, has now to its credit a Student's room and a goodly sum towards one of the chapels in our future Cenacle. This Cenacle will contain, besides the altar of the Holy Ghost, a special chapel to our Blessed Lady, and twelve chapels in honor of the Apostles. Through the Supreme Council, we desire again to express publicly our gratitude to this national organization of Catholic women.

NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS.

Living:—Rev. Friends, 3; J. L. D.; T. and M. D.; Mrs. E. G.; A. C.; L. G. O'B.; J. M. H.; T. T.; M. G.; J. J. G.; W. C.; G. F. S.; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. K.; Madame R. O'M.; A. G.; A. R.; J. D. R.; C. F.; J. O'B.; M. McG.; A. M. C.; J. J. McG.; M. A. McM.; M. A. C.; E. O'S.; L. M.; J. B.; K. L.; J. F. H.; A. H.; H. E.; G. B.; H. L. L.; A. C. L.; M. MacV.; E. O'K.; S. B. D.; E. G. D.; W. H. D.; P. and J. M.; A. M. C. and family; A. McM.; M. R.; P. A. and M. A. McM.; A. S. C.; M. E. B.; N. D.; E. M. McG.; E. G. M.; F. A. T.; E. J. F. H.; N. L. C.

Deceased:—Catherine R. Hayes; Peter J. Rice; Hugh O'Connor; Elizabeth O'Connor; Mary J. Flood, Elizabeth, John J., Isabel, John J. Flood; James H. Wall; Mary M. Higgins; Peter J. and Margaret A. McNulty; Edward and Ellen McGinty; Ella J. Callahan; Anna C. Morgan; Peter McGuire; Catherine R. Downey; Kate Hanlon; Catherine Coughlin; Daniel Freely; John Casey and deceased members of family; Edward R. Coakley; Mary McGlynn; Mary Diver, Bernard McMahon; Mrs. Hughes B. McMahon; Susan McMahon; Patrick McMahon; Peter McMahon; Annie E. Farney; Louis Heizer; Margaret Brennan; Anthony J. Brandlacht; Mary D. Brandlacht; Joseph Brandlacht; Anthony Brandlacht, Jr.; Ignatius Brandlacht; Annie Murphy; Edward Shannon; Ellen Shannon; Kate Shannon; Edward Collins; Alice Cooney.

Have you the Maryknoll Dozen?
See page 122.

"THE PASSION PLAY"

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"The Passion Play" was founded in 1915 by Rev. J. N. Grieff, Rector of the Church of Holy Family of Union Hill, N. J. This was shortly after the World War broke out and Father Grieff believes the time opportune for the establishment of a permanent Passion Play in North America.

It should be another Oberammergau, but in North America; and as the Oberammergau of the American continent this Passion Play is known and produced in the Passion Play Auditorium at Union Hill, N. J.

This is not a motion picture. The acting time is 2½ hours. Over 100 people make up the cast. The scenes and costumes are historically and sartorially correct to the last detail in accordance with the time of Christ.

The net proceeds have been devoted for both foreign and home missions and also toward relief funds for the sufferers of Central Europe. The tenth consecutive season will open Sunday, March 2nd, 1924.

For further particulars write to Rev. J. N. Grieff, 545 Jefferson St., Union Hill, N. J.

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